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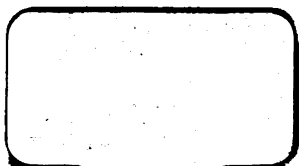
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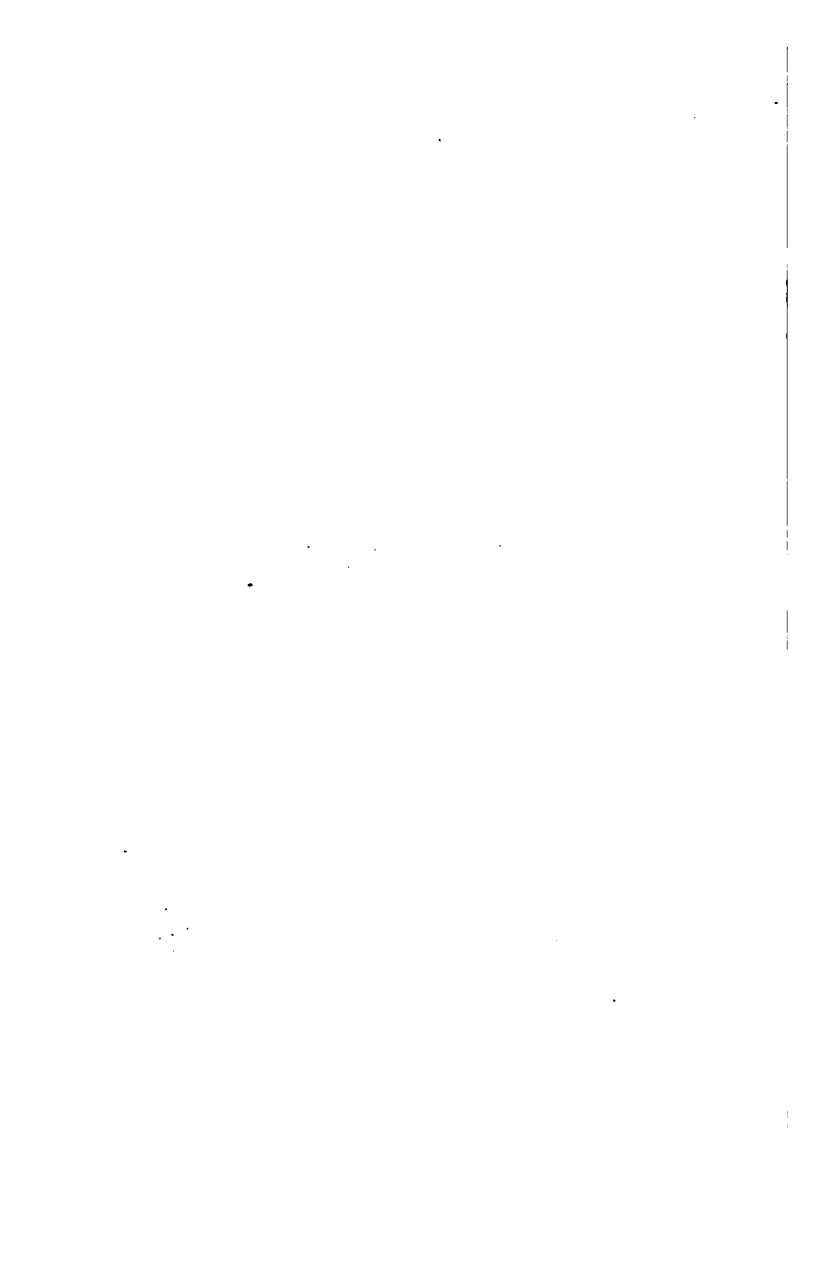
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LYRA ELEGANTiarUM.



LYRA ELEGANTIORUM

A COLLECTION OF SOME OF THE BEST SPECIMENS

OF

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ

AND

VERS D'OCCASION

Poetry

IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY DECEASED AUTHORS.

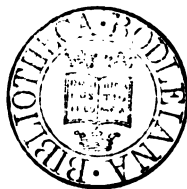
EDITED BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

“ J'ay seulement faict icy un amas de fleurs, n'y ayant fourny du mien
que le filet à les lier.”—MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

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LONDON :

EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.

1867.

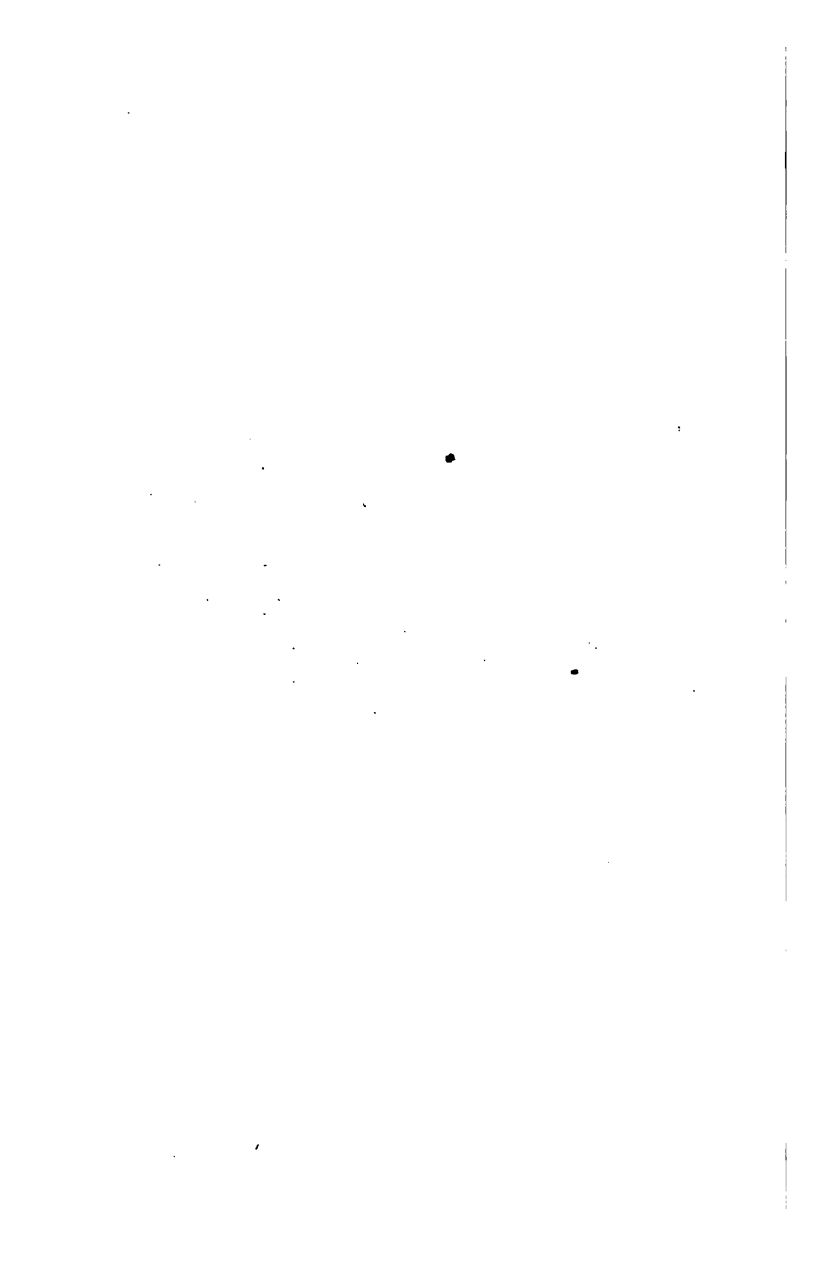
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LONDON:
BRADPURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

“THESE pieces commonly go under the title of poetical amusements ; but these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors, as works of a more serious nature.

“It is surprising how much the mind is entertained and enlivened by these little poetical compositions, as they turn upon subjects of gallantry, satire, tenderness, politeness, and everything, in short, that concerns life, and the affairs of the world.”

PLINY TO TUSCUS.



DEDICATION.

TO THE VERY REVEREND THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

You have given me great pleasure in allowing me to dedicate this little work to yourself. I hesitated to ask the favour, because the book might seem to be of too trifling a character, to be connected with so venerable a name; but then I remembered your universal appreciation of every branch of our literature, and also the kindly interest which you took in the scheme when I first mentioned it to you.

I trust that the principle of my selection will meet your approval. I feel sure you will make allowance for many shortcomings, and will charitably believe that the Editor tried to do his best.

I am,

Dear Mr. Dean,

Yours very faithfully,

FREDERICK LOCKER.

PREFACE.

So many collections of favourite poetical pieces have appeared of late years, appealing to nearly every variety of taste, that some apology may seem due to the public for adding another volume to the number already in existence.

But although there have been sentimental, humorous, lyrical, descriptive, and devotional collections, there is another kind of poetry which was more in vogue in the reign of Queen Anne, and indeed in Ante-Reform-Bill times, than it is at the present day ; a species of poetry which, in its more restricted form, bears somewhat the same relation to the poetry of lofty imagination and deep feeling, that the Dresden China Shepherds and Shepherdesses of the last century do to the sculpture of Donatello and Michael Angelo ; namely, smoothly written *vers de société*, where a boudoir decorum is, or ought always to be, preserved ; where sentiment never surges into passion, and where humour never overflows into boisterous merriment. The Editor is not aware that a collection of this peculiar species of exquisitely rounded and

polished verse, which, for want of a better title, he has called *Lyra Elegantiarum*, has ever yet been offered to the public.

Hitherto this kind of poetry has remained difficult of access to the majority of ordinary readers, because its most finished specimens have often lain scattered among masses of verse, more ambitious in aim, but frequently far less worthy of preservation. It seems only reasonable, then, that those people who delight in this lighter kind of verse should be enabled to study their favourite pieces in a single volume.

In commencing his task the Editor's first endeavour was to frame a correct definition of *vers de société* and *vers d'occasion*, with sufficient clearness to guide him in making his selection, and he has been desirous of giving them their broadest signification. His second endeavour was to choose those pieces which most completely reached this ideal standard. But it will be easily understood that no exact line of demarcation can in all cases be maintained, and that such verse frequently approximates closely to other kindred species of poetry, such as the song, the parody, the epigram, and even the riddle.

Lest any reader who may not be familiar with this description of poetry should be misled by the adoption of the French title, which the absence of any precise English equivalent renders necessary, it may be as well to observe, that *vers de société* need by no means be confined to topics of artificial life. Subjects of the most exalted, and of the most trivial character, may

be treated with equal success, provided the manner of their treatment is in accordance with the following characteristics, which the Editor ventures to submit as expressive of his own ideas on this subject. In his judgment genuine *vers de société* and *vers d'occasion* should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness: for, however trivial the subject-matter may be, indeed rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition and perfection of execution should be strictly enforced. The definition may be further illustrated by a few examples of pieces which, from the absence of some of the foregoing qualities, or from the excess of others, cannot be properly classed as *vers de société*, though they may bear a certain generic resemblance to that species of poetry. The ballad of "John Gilpin," for instance, is too broadly and simply humorous; Swift's "Lines on the Death of Marlborough," and Byron's "Windsor Poetics," are too savage and truculent; Cowper's "My Mary" is far too pathetic; Herrick's lyrics to "Blossoms" and "Daffodils" are too elevated; "Sally in our Alley" is too homely, and too entirely simple and natural; while the "Rape of the Lock," which would otherwise be one of the finest

specimens of *vers de société* in any language, must be excluded on account of its length, which renders it much too important.

Every piece which has been selected for this volume cannot be expected to exhibit all the characteristics above enumerated, but the two qualities of brevity and buoyancy are absolutely essential. The poem may be tinctured with a well-bred philosophy, it may be gay and gallant, it may be playfully malicious or tenderly ironical, it may display lively banter, and it may be satirically facetious ; it may even, considering it merely as a work of art, be pagan in its philosophy, or trifling in its tone, but it must never be ponderous or common-place.

Having thus fixed upon a definition, the Editor proceeded to put it to a practical use, by submitting it as a touchstone to the various pieces which came under his notice. In the first place it is scarcely necessary to say that all poetry of a strictly religious character, on account of the singleness and earnestness of its tone, is inadmissible in a collection where jest and earnest are inextricably intermingled. All pieces of *quasi* fashionable jingle have been excluded, because they are usually pretentious and vulgar. Some of our best writers of *vers de société* are not merely tinged with coarseness, they seem to revel in it, and often show much raciness in their revelry, but they are hardly ever vulgar. Vulgarity appears to be a rock on which so many would-be writers of this species of verse have suffered, and will continue to suffer, shipwreck.

Fables, prologues, rhymed anecdotes, and pieces of purely ephemeral interest, such as satirical or political squibs, have been generally avoided, as well as those specimens which expand into real song or crystallise into mere epigram, though in these cases, as already observed, the border line is often extremely difficult of definition. Riddles, paradoxes, and punning couplets are for the most part omitted; not, as some readers may suppose, because they are contemptible, for nothing is contemptible that is really good of its kind; but because they do not, strictly speaking, come within the scope of this work. The few which are inserted possess a breadth of feeling, or a delicacy of treatment, which elevate them beyond the range of mere epigram, riddle, and parody.

Some epitaphs have been admitted, their epigrammatic character rendering them more elegant and ingenious than solemn or affecting; and a few pieces of gracefully turned nonsense will be found towards the end of the volume, of which "The Broken Dish" may be cited as a fair specimen. Mr. Hood was very happy in this kind of composition, where a conceit is built up on some pointed absurdity.

The chief merit of *vers de société* is, that it should seem to be entirely spontaneous: when the reader says to himself, "I could have written that, and easily too," he pays the poet the highest possible compliment. At the same time it is right to observe, that this absence of effort, as recognised in most works of real excellence, is only apparent; the writing of *vers de société* is a

difficult accomplishment, and no one has fully succeeded in it without possessing a certain gift of irony, which is not only a much rarer quality than humour, or even wit, but is altogether less commonly met with than is sometimes imagined. At the same time this description of poetry seems so easy to write that a long catalogue of authors, both famous and obscure, have attempted it, but in the great majority of cases with very indifferent success. This frequent liability to failure will excite less surprise if it be borne in mind that the possession of the true poetic faculty is not sufficient of itself to guarantee capacity for this inferior branch of the art of versification. The writer of *vers de société*, in order to be genuinely successful, must not only be more or less of a poet, but he must also be a man of the world, in the most liberal sense of the expression; he must have mixed throughout his life with the most refined and cultivated members of his species, not merely as an idle bystander, but as a busy actor in the throng. A professed poet, however exalted his faculty, will seldom write the best *vers de société*, just because writing is the business of his life; for it appears to be an essential characteristic of these brilliant trifles, that they should be thrown off in the leisure moments of men whose lives are devoted to graver pursuits. Swift was an ardent politician; Prior a zealous ambassador; Suckling, Praed, and Landor were essentially men of action; even Cowper was no recluse, but a man of the world, forced by mental suffering into a state of modified seclusion. Indeed, it

may be affirmed of most of the authors quoted in this volume—and it is curious to see what a large proportion of them are men of a certain social position—that they submitted their intellects to the monotonous grindstone of worldly business, and that their poetical compositions were like the sparks which fly off and prove the generous quality of the metal thus applied ; and it must be remembered, to pursue the simile, that but for the dull grindstone, however finely tempered the metal might be, there would be no sparks at all : in other words, the writer of *vers de société* needs perpetual contact with the world.

The Editor trusts that he has gathered together nearly all the *vers de société* of real merit in the English language, at the same time he almost hopes that the cultivated reader will find hardly anything altogether unknown to him. The Editor is of opinion that verse of real excellence and buoyancy is seldom long lost sight of ; in other words, that an unknown piece of *vers de société* probably does not deserve to become better known. The contents of the volume have been selected and winnowed from an enormous mass of inferior verse of the same kind, the great bulk of which did not appear of sufficient merit to deserve insertion.

Many pieces, however, have been pondered over, and at last discarded with regret. Several indeed have been found, whose rejection was especially tantalising, because, though otherwise perfect specimens, their aim and execution was just above the range of

vers de société. Thus, "The Milkmaid's Song," commencing

"Come live with me, and be my love,"

appears to be too highly poetical for admission into this collection, while the less beautiful, but almost as charming, "Reply," has been admitted, because it is depressed to the requisite level by the tinge of worldly satire which runs through it. Something of the same kind may be said of Waller's "Lines to a Rose," and his "Lines to a Girdle," and on this account only the last will be found here.

Isaac D'Israeli, in his *Miscellanies*, has some interesting remarks on *vers de société*. "The passions of the poet," he says, "may form the subjects of his verse. It is in his writings he delineates himself; he reflects his tastes, his desires, his humours, his amours, and even his defects. In other poems the poet disappears under the feigned character he assumes: here alone he speaks, here he acts. He makes a confidant of the reader, interests him in his hopes, and his sorrows. We admire the poet, and conclude with esteeming the man. In these effusions the lover may not unsuccessfully urge his complaints. They may form a compliment for a patron or a congratulation for an artist, a vow of friendship or a hymn of gratitude . . . It must not be supposed that because these productions are concise they have, therefore, the more facility; we must not consider the genius of a poet diminutive because his pieces are so, nor must we call

them, as a fine sonnet has been called, a difficult trifle. A circle may be very small, yet it may be as mathematically beautiful and perfect as a larger one. To such compositions we may apply the observation of an ancient critic, that though a little thing gives perfection, yet perfection is not a little thing.

“The poet to succeed in these hazardous pieces must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world, as with the studies of taste, to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature. Genius will not always be sufficient to impart that grace of amenity which seems peculiar to those who are accustomed to elegant society. . . . These productions are more the effusions of taste than genius, and it is not sufficient that the poet is inspired by the Muse, he must also suffer his concise page to be polished by the hand of the Graces.”

A reviewer in *The Times* newspaper has made the following note-worthy remarks on the subject of *vers de société*, more especially of a certain kind: “It is the poetry of men who belong to society, who have a keen sympathy with the lightsome tone and airy jesting of fashion; who are not disturbed by the flippances of small talk, but, on the contrary, can see the gracefulness of which it is capable, and who, nevertheless, amid all this froth of society, feel that there are depths in our nature, which even in the gaiety of drawing-rooms cannot be forgotten. Theirs is the poetry of bitter-sweet, of sentiment that breaks into humour, and of solemn thought, which, lest it should be too

solemn, plunges into laughter : it is in an especial sense the verse of society. When society ceases to be simple it becomes sceptical. Nor are we utterly to condemn this sceptical temper as a sign of corruption. It is assumed in self-defence, and becomes a necessity of rapid conversation. When society becomes refined, it begins to dread the exhibition of strong feeling, no matter whether real or simulated. If real, it disturbs the level of conversation and of manners—if simulated, so much the worse. In such an atmosphere, emotion takes refuge in jest, and passion hides itself in scepticism of passion : we are not going to wear our hearts upon our sleeves, rather than that we shall pretend to have no heart at all ; and if, perchance, a bit of it should peep out, we shall hide it again as quickly as possible, and laugh at the exposure as a good joke. . . . In the poets who represent this social mood there is a delicious piquancy, and the way they play at bo-peep with their feelings makes them a class by themselves."

Suckling and Herrick, Swift and Prior, Cowper, Landor, and Thomas Moore, and Praed and Thackeray, may be considered the representative men in this branch of literature.

Unfortunately, the copyright of Mr. Thackeray's poems has become the property of his publishers, and they have declined to allow any extracts from his works to be printed here ; but the Editor has given a list in the Table of Contents of those pieces of *vers de société* by which he thinks Mr. Thackeray will hereafter be honourably remembered.

Thanks are due to the other proprietors of the respective copyright pieces, for their courtesy and liberality in allowing their insertion.

This collection has been arranged more or less chronologically, but, to give it variety, the works of contemporary writers have been mixed, and where two authors have written on the same subject, though at different epochs, it has been thought interesting to bring them side by side. For this reason the epitaphs, epigrams, political squibs, and convivial pieces, &c., have been kept together, and occur at intervals throughout the volume.

The collection has been restricted to the writings of deceased authors, and as this kind of metrical composition is little cultivated at the present day, the Editor hopes that his book will not much suffer in consequence, although at the same time he regrets that the rule which he has laid down prevents his giving specimens from the writings of Messrs. Browning and Tennyson, of Lord Houghton, of Messrs. C. S. Calverly, George Cayley, Mortimer Collins, and Planché, and of Dr. O. W. Holmes, the American poet, and perhaps the best living writer of this species of verse; and of some others who have written anonymously.

Much difficulty has been encountered in fixing the correct reading of several of the poems, which varies in different collections; and wherever the Editor has felt a doubt about the authorship of a poem, he has preferred leaving the question open.

He has taken great care to make the selection as complete as possible, still he trusts to the indulgence of his readers for any omissions or errors which it may exhibit.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

LYRA ELEGANTIARUM.



L.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret,
As Midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything,
Far, far passing,
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of merry Margaret,
As Midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought.
Far may be sought,

Lyra Elegantiarum.

Ere you can find
 So courteous, so kind,
 As merry Margaret
 This Midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon,
 Or hawk of the tower.

John Skelton.

II.

THE ONE HE WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well
 Should not be fat, but lovely to behold;
 Of lively look, all grief for to repel
 With right good grace, so would I that it should
 Speak without words, such words as none can tell;
 Her tress also should be of crisped gold.
 With wit, and these, perchance, I might be tried,
 And knit again with knot that should not slide.

Sir Thomas Wyat.

III.

THE SERENADE.

“WHO is it that this dark night
 Underneath my window plaineth?”—
 It is one who from thy sight
 Being (ah!) exiled, disdaineth
 Every other vulgar light.

“Why, alas! and are you he?
 Are not yet these fancies changed?”—
 Dear, when you find change in me,
 Though from me you be estranged,
 Let my change to ruin be.

“What if you new beauties see?
 Will not they stir new affection?”—
 I will think they pictures be
 (Image-like of saint perfection)
 Poorly counterfeiting thee.

"Peace ! I think that some give ear,
Come, no more, lest I get anger."—
Bliss ! I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger ;
But my soul shall harbour there.

"Well, begone : begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you."—
O ! unjust is Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away !
Sir Philip Sydney.

IV.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho !
Samuel Daniel.

V.

A DITTY.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His flocks are folded ; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier, too ;
For kings bethink them what the State require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire ;
Ah then, &c.

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat,
And blither too;
For kings have often tremours when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :
Ah then, &c.

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of down,
More sounder, too ;
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :
Ah then, &c.

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
 And blither, too ;
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
Where shepherds laugh, and love upon the land :
 Ah then, &c.

Robert Greene.

IX.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I rode, forsooth, a-maying,
When anon by a woodside,
Where as May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

**Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love, and she would not :**

She said, never man was true :
He says, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long :
She says, Love should have no wrong.

Corydon would kiss her then,
She says, maids must kiss no men,
Till they do for good and all.
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness, truth
Never loved a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea, and nay, and faith and troth !—
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse ;
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May,
Nicholas Breton.

X.

SEND back my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, O ! too long have dwelt on thee :
But if from you they 've learnt such ill,
To sweetly smile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain ;
But if it has been taught by thine
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
For I'll know all thy falsities ;
That I one day may laugh, when thou
Shalt grieve and mourn—
Of one the scorn,
Who proves as false as thou art now.

John Donne.

XI.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief as is the blame;
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same?
 He that can love unloved again,
 Hath better store of love than brain:
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifths fool their love away!

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou hadst still continued mine;
 Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom didst recall,
 That if thou might elsewhere inthrall
 And then how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
 And changed the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy to love thee still.
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so,
 Since we are taught no prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,—
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
 To see him gain what I have lost;
 The height of my disdain shall be
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A-begging to a beggar's door.

Sir Robert Ayton.

XII.

A VALENTINE.

WHEN slumber first unclouds my brain,
And thought is free,
And sense refresh'd renews her reign,—
I think of thee.

When next in prayer to God above
I bend my knee,
Then when I pray for those I love,—
I pray for thee.

And when the duties of the day
Demand of me
To rise and journey on life's way,—
I work for thee.

Or if, perchance, I sing some lay,
Whate'er it be;
All that the idle verses say,—
They say of thee.

If of an eye whose liquid light
Gleams like the sea,
They sing, or tresses brown and bright,—
They sing of thee.

And if a weary mood, or sad,
Possesses me,
One thought can all times make me glad,—
The thought of thee.

And when once more upon my bed,
Full wearily,
In sweet repose I lay my head,—
I dream of thee.

In short, one only wish I have,
To live for thee;
Or gladly if one pang 'twould save,—
I'd die for thee.

Unknown.

XIII.

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved
 To honour and renown you;
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish
 My heart had never known you.
 What? I that loved, and you that liked—
 Shall we begin to wrangle?—
 No, no, no, my heart is fast,
 And cannot disentangle!

If I admire or praise you too much,
 That fault you may forgive me;
 Or if my hands had stray'd to touch,
 Then justly might you leave me.
 I ask'd you leave, you bade me love,
 Is't now a time to chide me?
 No, no, no, I'll love you still,
 What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
 Rejecteth no beholder;
 And thy sweet beauty, past compare,
 Made my poor eyes the bolder.
 Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
 And signs of kindness bind me,
 There, oh! there, where'er I go,
 I leave my heart behind me.

Unknown.

XIV.

As at noon *Dulcina* rested
 In her sweet and shady bower,
 Came a shepherd, and requested
 In her lap to sleep an hour,
 But from her look
 A wound he took
 So deep, that for a further boon
 The nymph he prays,
 Whereto she says,
 "Forego me now, come to me soon."

But in vain she did conjure him
To depart her presence so ;
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him go :
Where lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay ;
What boots she say,
“ Forego me now, come to me soon.”

Unknown.

XV.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming ?
O stay and hear ! your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low ;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting—
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What 's to come is still unsure ;
In delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

William Shakspeare.

XVI.

I DO confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee ;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee :
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.
I do confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisses everything it meets :
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou 'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweet her smell !
 But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweets no longer with her dwell ;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile,
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside ;
 And I will sigh, while some will smile,
 To see thy love for more than one
 Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

Sir Robert Ayton.

XVII.

A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
 Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe ;
 And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
 From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
 Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
 From those two melting rubies one poor kiss ;
 None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
 Nor rob I her of aught that she can miss ;
 Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
 There would be little sign I would do so ;
 Why then should I this robbery delay ?
 O, she may wake, and therewith angry grow !
 Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
 And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

George Wither.

XVIII.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be:
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

Ben Jonson.

XIX.

A MADRIGAL.

AMARYLLIS I did woo,
And I courted Phillis too;
Daphne for her love I chose,
Chloris, for that damask rose
In her cheek, I held so dear,
Yea, a thousand liked well near;
And, in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either:
'Cause to be of one possess'd,
Barr'd the hope of all the rest.

George Wither.

XX.

CHARIS.

Her Triumph.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd, do wish, as they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would
ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth !
 Do but look on her, she is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth !
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother
 Than words that soothe her !
 And from her arch'd brows, such a grace
 Sheds itself through her face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touch'd it ?
 Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutch'd it ?
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
 Or swan's down ever ?
 Or have smell'd o' the bud of the briar ?
 Or the 'nard in the fire ?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
 O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !

Ben Jonson.

XXI.

A FRAGMENT.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,—
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires ;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew.

XXII.

A LOVER of late was I,
For Cupid would have it so ;
(The boy that had never an eye—
As every man doth know.)
I sigh'd, and sobb'd, and cried, "alas,"
For her that laugh'd and call'd me ass.

Then knew not I what to do,
When I saw it was in vain
A lady so coy to woo,
Who gave me the ass so plain ;
Yet would I her ass freely be,
So she would help, and bear with me.

An' I were as fair as she,
Or she were as kind as me,
What pair could have madé, as we
So pretty a sympathy :
I was as kind as she was fair ;
But for all this we could not pair.

Pair with her that will for me !—
With her I will never pair
That cunningly can be coy,
For being a little fair—
The ass I'll leave to her disdain ;
And now I am myself again.

Unknown,

XXIII.

FAIN' would I, Chloris, ere I die,
Bequeath you such a legacy,
That you might say, when I am gone,
None hath the like :—my heart alone
Were the best gift I could bestow,
But that's already yours, you know :
So that till you my heart resign,
Or fill with yours the place of mine,
And by that grace my store renew,
I shall have nought worth giving you

With that I stopt. Said Love, "these be,
 Fond man, resemblances of thee;
 And as these flowers, thy joy shall die,
 E'en in the twinkling of an eye;
 And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
 Like these short sweets thus knit together."

Thomas Carew.

XXVI.

*A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND MIS-
 TRESS ELIZA WHEELER, UNDER THE
 NAME OF AMARILLIS.*

(H.) My dearest love, since thou wilt go,
 And leave me here behind thee;
 For love or pity, let me know
 The place where I may find thee.

(A.) In country meadows, pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lilies;
 There, filling maunds with cowslips, you
 May find your Amarillis.

(H.) What have the meads to do with thee,
 Or with thy youthful hours?
 Live thou at Court, where thou may'st be
 The queen of men—not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
 With posies, since 'tis fitter
 For thee with richest gems to shine,
 And like the stars to glitter.

(A.) You set too high a rate upon
 A shepherdess so homely.

(H.) Believe it, dearest, there's not one
 I' th' Court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay. (A.) I must away;
 Let's kiss first, then we'll sever;

(AMBO.) And tho' we bid adieu to-day,
 We shall not part for ever.

Robert Herrick.

• XXVII.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears;—
Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Thomas Carew.

• XXVIII.

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

“SHEPHERD, what's love? I pray thee, tell!”—
It is that fountain, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that passing bell
That tolls us all to heaven or hell;
And this is love, as I heard tell.

“Yet, what is love? I pray thee, say!”—
It is a work on holiday:
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty woods, in fresh array,
Hear, ten months after, of the play;
And this is love, as I hear say.

“Yet, what is love? good shepherd, saine!”—
It is a sunshine mix'd with rain;
It is a tooth-ache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain,
The lass saith, No, and would full fain!
And this is love, as I hear saine.

"Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?"—
 It is a "yea," it is a "nay,"
 A pretty kind of sporting fray;
 It is a thing will soon away;
 Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may,
 And this is love, as I hear say.

"Yet, what is love? good shepherd, show!"—
 A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
 A prize that passeth to and fro,
 A thing for one, a thing for moe;
 And he that proves shall find it so;
 And, shepherd, this is love I trow.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

XXIX.

*TO HIS MISTRESS OBJECTING TO HIS
 NEITHER TOYING NOR TALKING.*

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
 Still with your curls, and kiss the time away.
 You blame me, too, because I can't devise
 Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes;
 By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
 The most I love, when I the least express it.
 Some griefs find tongues; full casks are ever found
 To give, if any, yet but little sound.
 Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
 That chiding streams betray small depth below.
 So when Love speechless is, she doth express
 A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
 Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

Robert Herrick.

XXX.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For in your beauties, orient deep,
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies !

Thomas Carew.

XXXI.

JULIA'S BED.

SEE'ST thou that cloud as silver clear,
Plump, soft, and swelling everywhere ?
'Tis Julia's bed, and she sleeps there.

Robert Herrick.

XXXII.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration each way free ;
O how that glittering taketh me !

Robert Herrick.

XXXIII.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness ;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction ;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher ;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly ;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat ;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility ;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

Robert Herrick.

XXXIV.

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her :
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on :
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

Unknown.

XXXV.

CHERRY-RIPE.

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow ;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,—
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry !

Unknown.

XXXVI.

THE CARELESS LOVER.

NEVER believe me if I love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove,—
And yet in faith I lie, I do,
And she's extremely handsome too.

She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
Ere I die for love, I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
My foolish heart could never bear :
One sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than earthquakes have done heretofore.

When I am hungry I do eat,
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat ;
Nor with much gazing on her face,
Do e'er rise hungry from the place.

A gentle round, fill'd to the brink,
To this and tother friend I drink ;
And if 'tis named another's health,
I never make it hers by stealth.

Black Fryars to me, and old Whitehall,
Is even as much as is the fall
Of fountains or a pathless grove,
And nourishes as much my love !

I visit, talk, do business, play,
 And, for a need, laugh out a day :
 Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
 He makes not love, but plays the fool :
 She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
 But I care not who knows it,
 Ere I die for love, I fairly will forego it.

Sir John Suckling.

XXXVII.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prithee why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The devil take her.

Sir John Suckling.

XXXVIII.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Or my cheeks make pale with care
 'Cause another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the day
 Or the flowery meads in May—
 If she be not so to me
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind ;

Or a well disposéd nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best ;
 If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo :
 And unless that mind I see,
What care I tho' great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

George Wither.

XXXIX.

THE NIGHT PIECE. TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o-th'-wisp mis-light thee,
 Nor snake nor slow worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What tho' the moon do slumber,
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto thee;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

Robert Herrick.

XL.

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while you may, go marry:
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick.

XLI.

THE HEAD-ACHE.

My head doth ache,
O, Sappho ! take
Thy fillet,
And bind the pain !
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But less that part
Than my poor heart,
Now is sick :
One kiss from thee
Will counsel be,
And physic.
Robert Herrick.

XLII.

THE SIEGE.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent !) a year, and more ;
And still I did my part.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise ;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeding on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer ;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great canon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolved to starve the place,
 By cutting off all kisses,
 Praising and gazing on her face,
 And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
 I drew all batteries in :
 And brought myself to lie at length,
 As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
 And thought the place my own,
 The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
 These hopes, and this relief ?
 A spy informed, Honour was there,
 And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I), the word straight give,
 Let's lose no time, but leave her :
 That giant upon air will live,
 And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
 As will no siege abide ;
 I hate a fool that starves her love,
 Only to feed her pride.

Sir John Suckling.

XLIII.

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.

JULIA, I bring
 To thee this ring,
 Made for thy finger fit ;
 To shew by this,
 That our love is,
 Or should be, like to it.

Close tho' it be,
 The joint is free ;

So when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it must play
Still either way,
And be, too, such a yoke
As not too wide,
To overslide;
Or be so straight to choke.

So we, who bear
This beam, must rear
Ourselves to such a height
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burthen light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw, or else to sever;
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever.

Robert Herrick.

XLIV.

I PR'YTHEE send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it, were in vain:
For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts you sever?

But love is such a mystery
 I cannot find it out ;
 For when I think I'm best resolved,
 I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
 I will no longer pine ;
 For I'll believe I have her heart,
 As much as she has mine.

Sir John Suckling.

XLV.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of your chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honour more !

Richard Lovelace.

XLVI.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen ;
 O things without compare !
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou knowst) do sell our hay,

There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the ~~rest~~, one pest'lent fine,
(His ~~beard~~ no bigger, tho', than mine)
Walk'd on before the rest ;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him :
The king, God bless him ! 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

But wot you what ? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid :
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce :
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so soft, so plump as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring ;
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But O ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison ;
Who sees them is undone ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'd'st swear her teeth her words did break
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon
I trow, besides the bride :
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat ;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd-band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company were seated.

Now hats fly off, and youth carouse ;
Healts first go round, and then the house,
The bride's come thick and thick ;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick ?

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance ;

Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

Sir John Suckling.

XLVII.

SONG AFTER A WEDDING.

THE danger is over, the battle is past,
The nymph had her fears but she ventured at last;
She tried the encounter, and when it was done,
She smiled at her folly, and own'd she had won.
By her eyes we discover the bride has been pleased,
Her blushes become her, her passion is eased;
She dissembles her joy, and affects to look down;
If she sighs, 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all ye virgins, both aged and young,
All you, who have carried that burthen too long,
Who have lost precious time,—and you who are losing,
Betray'd by your fears between doubting and choosing;
Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind:
You'll find yourselves happy when once you are kind.
Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
You'll feel the loss little and much to be won.

Thomas Southerne.

XLVIII.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERNE,

On his Birthday, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepared to die,
With not one sin,—but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.

Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
 A table, with a cloth of bays ;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast, his towering genius marks
 In yonder wild goose and the larks !
 The mushrooms show his wit was sudden !
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden !
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, although a bard, devout.
 May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be every birthday more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner ;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach !

Alexander Pope.

XLIX.

LOVE AND DEBT.

A Fragment.

THERE's one request I make to Him
 Who sits the clouds above :
 That I were fairly out of debt,
 As I am out of love.

Then for to dance, to drink, and sing,
 I should be very willing ;
 I should not owe one lass a kiss,
 Nor any rogue one shilling.

'Tis only being in love, or debt,
 That robs us of our rest,
 And he that is quite out of both,
 Of all the world is blest.

He sees the golden age, wherein
 All things were free and common ;
 He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest—
 And fears nor man nor woman.

Sir John Suckling.

L.

*THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE
SHEPHERD.*

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
Then pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies;
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

LI.

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,—
If it prove fine weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me;
 Love with me had made no stays
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least, ere this,
 A dozen in her place!

Sir John Suckling.

LII.

*TO CHLOE, WHO WISHED HERSELF YOUNG
 ENOUGH FOR ME.*

A Fragment.

CHLOE, why wish you that your years
 Would backwards run, till they meet mine,
 That perfect likeness, which endears
 Things unto things, might us combine?
 Our ages so in date agree,
 That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births: the one when light
 First strikes the new awakened sense;
 The other, when two souls unite,
 And we must count our life from thence:
 When you loved me, and I loved you,
 Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
 And in those souls did plant new powers;
 Since when another life we live,
 The breath we breathe is his, not ours;
 Love makes those young, whom age doth chill,
 And whom he finds young, keeps young still.

And now since you and I are such,
 Tell me what's yours and what is mine?

Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do, like our souls, in one combine ;
So by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

William Cartwright.

LIII.

THE MERIT OF INCONSTANCY.

A Fragment.

WHY dost thou say I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be ?
Lady, it is already morn ;
It was last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Yet have I loved thee well, and long ;
A tedious twelve-hours' space !
I should all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Did I still doat upon that face.

Richard Lovelace.

LIV.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For these may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever :
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever !

Unknown.

LV.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Fragment.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;

Or that when I am gone
 You or I were alone;
 Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
 Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,
 Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls:
 Above the highest sphere we meet
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
 And are alive i' the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfined
 In heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

Richard Lovelace.

LVI.

WERT thou yet fairer in thy feature,
 Which lies not in the power of nature;
 Or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts
 Than ever Cupid shot at hearts;
 Yet if they were not thrown at me,
 I would not cast a thought on thee.

I'd rather marry a disease,
 Than court the thing I could not please:
 She that would cherish my desires,
 Must meet my flame with equal fires:
 What pleasure is there in a kiss
 To him that doubts the heart's not his?

I love thee not because thou'rt fair,
 Softer than down, smoother than air;
 Nor for the Cupids that do lie
 In either corner of thine eye:
 Would'st thou then know what it might be?—
 'Tis I love thee 'cause thou lov'st me.

Unknown.

LVII.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
Nor do I covet her for sensual pleasure,
Nor for that old morality,
Do I love her 'cause she loves me.
Sure he that loves his lady 'cause she's fair,
Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why.

Alexander Brome.

LVIII.

THE PEREMPTORY LOVER.

'Tis not your beauty nor your wit
That can my heart obtain,
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
And doat on you no more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome
By proving thus unkind;
No smooth'd sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonic play such pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love at least I will have thanks,—
And something else beside!

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,—
If true, I'll constant be—
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections, well ye know,
 In equal terms do stand,
 'Tis in your power to love or no,
 Mine's likewise in my hand.
 Dispense with your austerity,
 Inconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great Cupid's deity,
 I'll never love you more.

Unknown.

LIX.

I PR'YTHEE leave this peevish fashion,
 Don't desire to be high-prized,
 Love's a princely, noble passion,
 And doth scorn to be despised.
 Tho' we say you're fair, you know
 We your beauty do bestow,—
 For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
 We do't only for our pleasure;
 And those parts in which you glory,
 We, by fancy, weigh and measure.
 When for Deities you go,
 For Angels, or for Queens, pray know
 'Tis our own fancy makes you so!

Don't suppose your majesty
 By tyranny's best signified,
 And your angelic natures be
 Distinguish'd only by your pride.
 Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
 And pride makes angels devils below,
 And your pride may make you so!

Alexander Brome.

LX.

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

KNOW Celia (since thou art so proud)
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
 Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties, lived unknown
 Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
 And with it impt the wings of Fame..

That killing power is none of thine !
I gave it to thy voice and eyes :
Thy sweets, thy graces,—all are mine :
Thou art my star—shinest in my skies ;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate ;
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap Truth in tales,
Know her themselves thro' all her veils.

Thomas Carew.

LXI.

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives,—yours yet free :
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air ;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

Robert Herrick.

LXII.

A FRAGMENT.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair ;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there :
In all her outward parts Love's always seen ;
But oh ! he never went within.

Abraham Cowley.

LXIII.

TO CARNATIONS.

STAY while ye will, or go,
 And leave no scent behind ye :
 Yet trust me, I shall know
 The place where I may find ye.
 Within my Lucia's cheek,
 (Whose livery ye wear)
 Play ye at hide or seek,
 I'm sure to find ye there.

Robert Herrick.

LXIV.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone ;
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

The time that is to come, is not ;
 How, then, can it be mine ?
 The present moment's all my lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows ;
 If I, by miracle, can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that heaven allows !

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

LXV.

THE VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
 And see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a bless'd amaze,
 His pleasing, happy ruin ;

'Tis not for pity that I move;—
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies, wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd dies with pleasure.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

LXVI.

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learn'd to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Sir Charles Sedley.

LXVII.

'Tis not your saying that you love
Can ease me of my smart;
Your actions must your words approve,
Or else you break my heart.

In vain you bid my passions cease,
And ease my troubled breast;
Your love alone must give me peace—
Restore my wonted rest.

But if I fail your heart to move,
 Or 'tis not yours to give,
 I cannot, will not cease to love,
 But I will cease to live.

Aphra Behn.

LXVIII.

AH, Chloris ! could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No happiness or pain !
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought the rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 Like metals in a mine ;
 Age from no face takes more away
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest,
 So love as unperceived did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art —
 To make a beauty, she.

Sir Charles Sedley.

LXIX.

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
 From Love's imperial chain,
 Take warning, and be taught by me,
 T' avoid th' enchanting pain.
 Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks—
 Fierce winds to blossoms prove—
 To careless seamen, hidden rocks—
 To human quiet, love.

Then fly the Fair, if bliss you prize ;
The snake's beneath the flower :
Who ever gazed on beauteous eyes,
And tasted quiet more ?
How faithless is the lover's joy !
How constant is his care !
The kind with falsehood do destroy,
The cruel with despair.

Sir George Etherege.

LXX.

TO CELIA.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest ;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have :
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find—
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew ?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

Sir Charles Sedley.

LXXI.

CARPE DIEM.

It is not, Celia, in your power
To say how long our love will last ;
It may be we, within this hour,
May lose those joys we now do taste :
The blessed, who immortal be,
From change of love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
 Ask not how long our love will last ;
 But, while it does, let us take care
 Each minute be with pleasure past.
 Were it not madness to deny
 To live, because we're sure to die ?
 Fear not, though love and beauty fail,
 My reason shall my heart direct :
 Your kindness now shall then prevail,
 And passion turn into respect.
 Celia, at worst, you'll in the end
 But change a lover for a friend.

Sir George Etherege.

LXXII.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain ;
 Both bound together, live or die,
 The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
 Last in a daily changing tongue ?
 While they are new, envy prevails ;
 And, as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
 The matter may betray their art :
 Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
 Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
 Must carve in Latin or in Greek :
 We write in sand : our language grows,
 And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,—
 The glory of his numbers lost !
 Years have defaced his matchless strain,—
 And yet he did not sing in vain !

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
 The shining subjects of his page,
 Hoping they should immortal prove,
 Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope ;
And all an English pen can hope ;
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their name.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty ; if it prove
But as long-lived as present love.

Edmund Waller.

LXXIII.

*THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE
APPLIED.*

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain :
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy ;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy !
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues ;
With numbers, such as Phœbus' self might use !
Such is the chase, when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flowery meads ;
Invoked to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urged with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled ; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :
All, but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song,
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Edmund Waller.

LXXIV.

PHILLIS, for shame ! let us improve,
A thousand different ways,
These few short moments snatch'd by love
From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
 The censure of the grave,
 Tho' Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
 Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride;
 Nor can it e'er submit
 To let that fop, Discretion, ride
 In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
 Who daily counsel me
 Fame and Ambition to pursue,
 And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
 To fools who thus advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise!

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

LXXV.

*TO CHLORIS SINGING A SONG OF HIS
 COMPOSING.*

CHLORIS! yourself you so excel,
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
 That, like a spirit, with this spell
 Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,
 Espied a feather of his own,
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
 Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
 Not for reflection of his face,
 But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Edmund Waller.

LXXVI.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy:
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

LXXVII.

*WRITTEN AT SEA, THE FIRST DUTCH WAR,
THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT.*

To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

For tho' the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way:
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;

Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old :
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind ?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main :
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our wo,
Sit careless at a play :
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote :
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

In justice, you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness ;
All these designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

LXXVIII.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage;

If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace.

LXXIX.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

(Written when a prisoner in the Tower, during Cromwell's usurpation.)

BEAT on, proud billows ; Boreas, blow ;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof ;
 Your incivility doth plainly show
 That innocence is tempest-proof ;
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm ;
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me ;
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty :
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

Here sin, for want of food, must starve
 Where tempting objects are not seen ;
 And these strong walls do only serve
 To keep rogues out, not keep me in.
 Malice is now grown charitable, sure :
 I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

And whilst I wish to be retired,
 Into this private room I'm turn'd ;
 As if their wisdom had conspired
 The salamander should be burn'd.
 Or, like those sophists who would drown a fish,
 I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic hugs his poverty,
 The pelican her wilderness ;
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus.
 Contentment feels no smart ; stoics, we see,
 Make torments easy by their apathy.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-priz'd margarite;
Or like the great Mogul or Pope,
I'm cloister'd up from public sight.
Retiredness is a part of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan ! I am great as thee.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear ;
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.
These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking to make his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to his cure :
Malice, we see, wants wit ; for what is meant
Mischief, oft times proves favour by th' event.

Altho' I cannot see my king—
Neither in person—nor in coin !—
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders that I have not, mine.
My king from me no adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven in my heart.

Have you not heard the nightingale,
A prisoner close kept in a cage,
How she doth chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage ?
Even then her melody doth plainly prove
Her bars are trees, her cage a pleasant grove.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Which doth my outward parts include ;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude.
What tho' they do with chains my body bind,
My king alone can captivate my mind.

I am that bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty ;
And tho' they may my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre that, my soul is free :

Though I'm mew'd up, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

Arthur Lord Capel.

LXXX.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find—
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,
The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleep as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

Earl of Surrey.

LXXXI.

CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content:—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Robert Greene.

LXXXII.

THE WISH.

WELL then ; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy ;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have !
And a few friends, and many books ; both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me !

O, fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
O fields ! O woods ! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade ?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood ;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear ;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From Heaven did always choose their way ;
And therefore we may boldly say
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She, live, and embracing die !
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear—
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here.

Abraham Cowley.

LXXXIII.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be ;
 These crystal streams should solace me ;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
 I with my angle would rejoice ;
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love ;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
 Breathe health and plenty ; please my mind
 To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
 And then wash'd off by April showers ;
 Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or, a laverock build her nest :
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,
 And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
 Earth, or what poor mortals love :
 Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
 There sit with him, and eat my meat,
 There see the sun both rise and set,
 There bid good morning to each day,
 There meditate my time away,
 And angle on : and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

Isaak Walton.

LXXXIV.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd, sweet recreation
And innocence, which most doth please
With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown ;
Thus, unlamented, let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Alexander Pope.

LXXV.

PHILLIS UNWILLING.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green,
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen:
But Phillis refused it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and love is no more :
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires ;
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
 For we will perform what the deity swore :
 But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
 Away with your sheep-hooks, and take to your arms ;
 The laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

John Dryden.

LXXXVI.

TELL me no more I am deceived,
 That Chloe's false and common ;
 I always knew (at least believed)
 She was a very woman :
 As such I liked, as such caress'd,
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She could do more for no man.

But O ! her thoughts on others ran ;
 And that you think a hard thing !
 Perhaps she fancied you the man ;
 And what care I one farthing ?
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
 I take her face, and you her mind,
 —Who has the better bargain ?

William Congreve.

LXXXVII.

FORTUNE.

A Fragment.

FORTUNE, that, with malicious joy,
 Does man her slave oppress,
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleased to bless :
 Still various and unconstant still,
 But with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
 And makes a lottery of life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
 But when she dances in the wind,

And shakes her wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away :
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd :
Content with poverty, my soul I arm ;
And virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

John Dryden.

LXXXVIII.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,
Pursue, and seek her, every lover ;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, tho' both seem neglected ;
Careless she is, with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them ;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes ;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

William Congreve.

LXXXIX.

FABLE, RELATED BY A BEAU TO ÆSOP.

A BAND, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attack'd a lady's heart together.
The Band, in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her, if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take, instead
Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
How happy she would be.

The Bob, he talked of management,
 What wondrous blessings heaven sent
 On care, and pains, and industry :
 And truly he must be so free
 To own he thought your airy beaux,
 With powder'd wigs, and dancing shoes,
 Were good for nothing (mend his soul !)
 But prate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
 And that to be the dearest wife
 Of one, who labour'd all his life
 To make a mine of gold his own,
 And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
 Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
 The Feather (as it might be me)
 Steps out, sir, from behind the screen,
 With such an air and such a mien—
 "Look you, old gentleman,"—in short,
 He quickly spoil'd the statesman's sport.

It proved such sunshine weather,
 That you must know, at the first beck
 The lady leapt about his neck,
 And off they went together !

Sir John Vanbrugh.

XC.

A PAIR WELL MATCHED.

FAIR Iris I love, and hourly I die,
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye ;
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she ;
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and to say things of course ;
 We mean not the taking for better or worse :
 When present we love ; and when absent agree ;
 I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me :
 The legend of Love no couple can find,
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

John Dryden.

XCI.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kist, and wiped their dove-like eyes;
And gave the bag between them.

Robert Herrick.

XCII.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart:
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well-guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried:
O cruel, could'st thou find none other
To wreck thy spleen on: Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
"Indeed, mama, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake?
I took you for your likeness, Chloe."

Matthew Prior.

XCIII.

THE QUESTION TO LISETTA.

WHAT nymph should I admire or trust,
But Chloe beauteous, Chloe just ?
What nymph should I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me ?
To whom should I compose the lay,
But her who listens when I play ?
To whom in song repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrow shares ?
For whom should I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my sake ?
In love am I not fully blest ?
Lisetta, prythee tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

Sure Chloe just, and Chloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care ;
But, when she and you to-day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by ;
Which way did you cast your eye ?
But, when your cares to her you sing,
You dare not tell her whence they spring ;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part ?
When you the flowers for Chloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine ?
Simplest of swains ! the world may see,
Whom Chloe loves, and who loves me.

Matthew Prior.

XCIV.

DAMON AND CUPID.

THE sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped ;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread ;

When Damon stay'd behind,
And saunter'd in the grove.
"Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love ?
"O! those were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodg'd nymphs and swains by pairs ;
But now from wood and plain
Flies every sprightly lass ;
No joys for me remain,
In shades, or on the grass."
The winged boy draws near ;
And thus the swain reproves :
"While Beauty revell'd here,
My game lay in the groves ;
At Court I never fail
To scatter round my arrows ;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.
"Then, swain, if me you need,
Straight lay your sheep-hook down ;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to town.
So well I'm known at Court,
None ask where Cupid dwells ;
But readily resort
To Bellendens or Lepells."

John Gay.

xcv.

ANSWER TO CHLOE JEALOUS.

DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face !
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd :
Prythee quit this caprice ; and, as old Falstaff says,
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.
How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping ?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy :
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once, and my passion, you wrong :
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit ;
 Ods life ! must one swear to the truth of a song ?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art :
 I court others in verse—but I love thee in prose ;
 And they have my whimsies—but thou hast my heart.

The God of us verse-men (you know, child) the Sun,
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest :
 If at morning o'er Earth 'tis his fancy to run ;
 At night he declines on his Thetis' breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day ;
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come :
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way :
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war ;
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree ;
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

Matthew Prior.

XCVI.

PHYLLIDA, that loved to dream
 In the grove, or by the stream ;
 Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
 What, alas ! should fill her head,
 But a fountain, or a mead,
 Water and a willow ?

Love in cities never dwells,
 He delights in rural cells
 Which sweet woodbine covers.
 What are your assemblies then ?
 There, 'tis true, we see more men ;
 But much fewer lovers.

O, how changed the prospect grows !
 Flock and herds to fops and *beaux*,
 Coxcombs without number !

Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.

Pleasant as it is to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
E'en of our own mothers ;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is paid, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

Though the favourite Toast I reign ;
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Every day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation ?

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay.
Nymph, ah ! cease thy sorrow.
Though curst Fortune frown to-night,
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to-morrow.

John Gay.

XCVII.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflamed ;

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

“ Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails, forsaken ?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?

What has she better, pray, than I ?
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast ?

Dearest mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall :
 They'll grieve I was not loosed before :
 She, I was loosed at all !"

Fondness prevail'd,—mamma gave way :
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

Matthew Prior.

XCVIII.

TO E. F.

No doubt thy little bosom beats
 When sounds a wedding bell ;
 No doubt it pants to taste the sweets
 That songs and stories tell.

Awhile in shade content to lie,
 Prolong life's morning dream,
 While others rise at the first fly
 That glitters on the stream.

Walter S. Landor.

XCIX.

FALSE tho' she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
And tho' the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

William Congreve.

C.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this, and blaming that;
"Tell me," she said; "but tell me true;
The nymph who could your heart subdue.
What sort of charms does she possess?"
"Absolve me, Fair One: I'll confess
With pleasure," I replied. "Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half-round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen.
Her eyes are neither black, nor grey;
Nor fierce, nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May say, how red, how round, how sweet:
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and soft delight:
They stand recorded in his book,
When Helen smiled, and Hebe spoke—"
The gipsy, turning to her glass,
Too plainly show'd she knew the face:
"And which am I most like," she said,
"Your Chloe, or your nut-brown maid?"

Matthew Prior.

CI.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

AH, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover;
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the reddening cheek
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak,
 A thousand various wishes.

For O! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling!
 The every look and every grace,
 So charm where'er I view thee;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee:
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven,

William Hamilton.

CII.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flowers less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day;
 And every nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they looked more gay,
 Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past;
 She changed her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast,

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
"My love, my life," said I, "explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd: she smiled: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
"See! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

"Ah me, the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

"At morn poor Stella danced and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

"Such as she is, who died to-day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

Matthew Prior.

CIII.

THE LOVER.

Addressed to Congreve.

At length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, Congreve, at once the inside of my breast.
The stupid indifference so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame;
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head;
I know but too well how old Time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
O! was there a man—but where shall I find
Good sense and good nature so equally join'd?—
Would value his pleasures, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boast, and not grossly design;
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, but not give the pain.

No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet never be loving to any but me;
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And show in his eye he is true to his trust;
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely forward, or foppishly low.

But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure the moment endear;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the aim of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till, lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,
In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can guide.
For such a dear lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe;
But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have lived chaste, I will keep myself so.

I never will share with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit,
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
I loathe the mere rake, the drest fopling despise:
Before such pursuers the chaste virgin flies:
And as Ovid so sweetly in parable told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

Lady Mary W. Montague.

CIV.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise ;
But with my numbers mix my sighs :
And while I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
I sung, and gazed : I play'd, and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

Matthew Prior.

CV.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas, what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love ?
Alas, what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose ;
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain ;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

Matthew Prior.

CVI.

ON MRS. A. H. AT A CONCERT.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
 Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
 See how with all their arts and smiles
 The Loves and Graces arm her.
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair seats of youthful pleasures;
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O, fairest maid, I own thy power,
 I gaze, I sigh, I languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore, —
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

William Crawford.

CVII.

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS' PETITION.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland.

The humble petition of Frances Harris, who must
 starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries.

Humbly sheweth,

That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber,
 because I was cold,
 And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and six-
 pence, besides farthings, in money and gold:
 So, because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
 I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
 Now you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
 Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very
 small stock,
 I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.

So, when I went to put up my purse, as luck would have it,
my smock was unript,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipt :
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed :
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my
stupid head !

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light :
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, law ! I thought
I should have sunk outright.

"Lawk, madam," says Mary, "how d'ye do ?" "Indeed,"
says I, "never worse :

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I've done with my purse ?
"Lawk, help me !" said Mary, "I never stirr'd out of this
place :

"Nay," said I, "I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a
plain case."

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm :
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself
no harm.

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that I went and search'd
the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's box, tied in a rag the money
was found.

So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a-swearing :
Then my dame Wadger came : and she, you know, is thick
of hearing :

"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know
what a loss I have had ?"

"Nay," said she, "my Lord Colway's folks are all very sad ;
For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday without fail."

"Pugh !" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."

Says Cary, says he, "I've been a servant this five-and-
twenty years come spring,

And in all the places I lived I never heard of such a thing."

"Yes," says the Steward, "I remember, when I was at my
Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of goose-
berries."

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of
grief,

(Now, you must know, of all things in the world I hate a
thief,)

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William Crawford.

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However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself
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But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

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grief,

(Now, you must know, of all things in the world I hate a
thief,)

However, I was resolved to bring the discourse sllily about :
 "Mrs. Dukes," said I, "here's an ugly accident has happen'd out :

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a mouse ;
 But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, makes a great hole in my wages :

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and everybody understands,
 That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."

"The devil take me," said she (blessing herself), "if ever I saw't!"

So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her all to nought.

So you know, what could I say to her any more ?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well ; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man :

"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the chaplain will be here anon."

So the chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

So, as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

"Parson," said I, "can you cast a nativity when a body's plunder'd?"

(Now you must know, he hates to be called *parson*, like the devil.)

"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil ;

If your money be gone, as a learned divine says, d'ye see ;

You are no text for my handling ; so take that from me :

I was never taken for a conjuror before, I'd have you to know."

"Law!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so ;

You know I honour the cloth ; I design to be a parson's wife, I never took one in your coat for a conjuror in all my life."

With that, he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,

"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.

Well: I thought I should have swoon'd, "Law!" said I,
 "what shall I do?"
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too!"
Then my Lord called me: "Harry," said my Lord, "don't
 cry,
I'll give you something towards your loss;" and, says my
 Lady, "so will I."
"O, but," said I, "what if, after all, the chaplain won't
 come to?"
For that, he said, (an't please your Excellencies,) I must peti-
 tion you.
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies'
 protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies'
 letter,
With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him,
 a better:
And then your poor petitioner both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound, shall
 ever pray.

Jonathan Swift.

CVIII.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when, without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein,
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
 Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
 And this, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you.

Thomas Parnell.

CIX.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
 (We shan't dispute a year or more :)
 However, Stella, be not troubled ;
 Altho' thy size and years are doubled
 Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
 The brightest virgin on the green ;
 So little is thy form declined ;
 Made up so largely in thy mind.

O, would it please the gods to split
 Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit !
 No age could furnish out a pair
 Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair ;
 With half the lustre of your eyes,
 With half your wit, your years, and size.
 And then, before it grew too late,
 How should I beg of gentle fate
 (That either nymph might have her swain)
 To split my worship too in twain.

Jonathan Swift.

CX.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
 Where'er they see the fairest sign ;
 And, if they find the chamber neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The Angel Inn to every friend.
 What though the painting grows decay'd,
 The House will never lose its trade :
 Nay, tho' the treacherous tapster, *Thomas*,
 Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
 As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true old Angel Inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact ;
An angel's face, a little crack'd ;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six :)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind ;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense ;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face ;
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innuendos, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows :
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve ;
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face ;
That you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen ;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at four score.

Jonathan Swift.

CXI.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1724.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
 We say, she's past her dancing days ;
 So poets lose their feet by time,
 And can no longer dance in rhyme.
 Your annual bard had rather chose
 To celebrate your birth in prose :
 Yet merry folks, who want by chance
 A pair to make a country dance,
 Call the old housekeeper, and get her
 To fill a place, for want of better :
 While Sheridan is off the hooks,
 And friend Delany at his books,
 That Stella may avoid disgrace,
 Once more the Dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth !
 Have always been confined to youth ;
 The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
 He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
 No poet ever sweetly sung,
 Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ;
 Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
 Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
 At fifty-six, if this be true,
 Am I a poet fit for you ?
 Or, at the age of forty-three,
 Are you a subject fit for me ?
 Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
 You must be grave, and I be wise.
 Our fate in vain we would oppose :
 But I'll be still your friend in prose ;
 Esteem and friendship to express,
 Will not require poetic dress ;
 And, if the Muse deny her aid
 To have them sung, they may be said.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
 Reports you are no longer young ;
 That Time sits, with his scythe to mow
 Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ;
 That half your locks are turn'd to grey ?
 I'll ne'er believe a word they say.

'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown :
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decay adapts my sight ;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass ;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit ;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight.

Jonathan Swift.

CXII.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, MARCH 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me :
This day then let us not be told
That you are sick, and I grown old ;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills :
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can in spite of all decays
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.

Altho' we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore ;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes)

Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine thro' life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before:
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates:
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimæras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,

Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share,
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

Jonathan Swift.

CXIII.

*TO MRS. THRALE ON HER COMPLETING
HER THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.*

OFt in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five!
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;

And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

Samuel Johnson.

CXIV.

WINIFREDA.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care ;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood ;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke :
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess ;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give ;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Thro' age and youth in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ,
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How shall I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung ;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

Unknown.

CXV.

A MAN may live thrice Nestor's life,
Thrice wander out Ulysses' race,
Yet never find Ulysses' wife;—
Such change hath chanced in this case!
Less age will serve than Paris had,
Small pain (if *none* be small enow)
To find good store of Helen's trade:
Such sap the root doth yield the bough!
For one good wife, Ulysses slew
A worthy knot of gentle blood:
For one ill wife, Greece overthrew
The town of Troy.—Sith bad and good
Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
To keep me free from either ill!

Unknown.

CXVI.

THE JOYS OF WEDLOCK.

How blest has my time been! what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complaisance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false vows, the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

Edward Moore.

cxvii.

ON THE MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fools that are wealthy are sure of a bride;
 For riches like raiment their nakedness hide:
 The slave that is needy must starve all his life,
 In a bachelor's plight, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
 In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;
 But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
 E'en took one another for better or worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great,
 Let love be the jointure, don't mind the estate;
 You can never be poor who have all of these charms;
 And I shall be rich when I've you in my arms.

Unknown.

cxviii.

*TO HIS WIFE WITH A KNIFE ON THE
 FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER
 WEDDING-DAY, WHICH HAPPENED TO BE
 HER BIRTH-DAY AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.*

A KNIFE, dear girl, cuts love, they say—
 Mere modish love perhaps it may;
 For any tool of any kind
 Can separate what was never join'd.
 The knife that cuts our love in two
 Will have much tougher work to do:
 Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit
 Down to the vulgar size of merit;
 To level yours with common taste,
 Must cut a world of sense to waste;
 And from your single beauty's store,
 Clip what would dizen out a score.

The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight—for ever!
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too:
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.
"Till that be done,—and I'd as soon
Believe this knife would clip the moon,—
Accept my present undeter'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again."

Samuel Bishop.

cxix.

*TO HIS WIFE ON THE SIXTEENTH ANNI-
VERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY, WITH
A RING.*

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring! "for what?"
To wed thee o'er again—why not?
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd,
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day, with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,

To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
 A token and a pledge I bring;
 With this I wed, till death us part,
 Thy riper virtues to my heart;
 These virtues which, before untried,
 The wife has added to the bride
 Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
 Endearing wedlock's very name,
 My soul enjoys, my song approves,
 For conscience' sake as well as love's.

For why? They teach me hour by hour
 Honour's high thought, affection's power,
 Discretion's deed. Sound judgment's sentence,
 And teach me all things—but repentance.

Samuel Bishop.

CXX.

ON MARRIAGE.

How happy a thing were a wedding,
 And a bedding,
 If a man might purchase a wife
 For a twelvemonth and a day;
 But to live with her all a man's life,
 For ever and for aye,
 Till she grow as grey as a cat,
 Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me from that!

Thomas Flatman.

CXXI.

*THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED WHETHER
 HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED
 INTO A BARRACK OR A MALT-HOUSE.
 (1729.)*

THUS spoke to my lady the knight full of care:
 "Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
 This Hamilton's Bawn, whilst it sticks on my hand,
 I lose by the house what I get by the land;
 But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
 For a *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.

First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
 Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;

There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheds a year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on to my board:
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the Crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't;
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me I must be content,
Or join with the Court in every debate;
And rather than that I would lose my estate."

Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife;
"It *must* and it *shall* be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull Rums.
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."

Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.

But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's possess'd,
Sir Arthur the maltster! How fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.
And now my dream's out; for I was adream'd
That I saw a huge rat; O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.

"Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
 You might have a barrack whenever you please;
 And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
 That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
 Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
 And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
 But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
 And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
 Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
 An I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink:
 For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
 I fancy already a barrack contrived
 At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arrived;
 Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
 And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
 Now see when they meet how their honours behave,
 'Noble captain, your servant'—'Sir Arthur, your slave';
 'You honour me much'—'the honour is mine—'
 'Twas a sad rainy night'—'but the morning is fine.'
 'Pray how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your service.'
 'I think I have seen her picture by Jervis.'
 'Good morrow, good captain'—'I'll wait on you down—'
 'You shan't stir a foot'—'you'll think me a clown—'
 'For all the world, captain'—'not half an inch farther—'
 'You must be obey'd'—'Your servant, Sir Arthur;
 My humble respects to my lady unknown—'
 'I hope you will use my house as your own.'

"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
 Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."

"Pray, madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
 You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
 At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum;
 Now, madam, observe how he marches in state;
 The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate;
 Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
 Tantara, tantara; while all the boys halloo.
 See now comes the captain all daubed with gold lace;
 O, la! the sweet gentleman, look in his face;
 And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
 With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;

And his horse, the dear *crêler*, it prances and rears,
With ribands in knots at its tail and its ears;
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our Court, when the captain cries, Stand!
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen);
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat;
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle;)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
'Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.'
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us.
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day;
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year.
If I had expected so worthy a guest——'
'Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam, the kingdom must grant——'
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant.'"
'Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming!'"
'No, madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming."
To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first,
The parsons for envy are ready to burst;
The servants amazed are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain in all his fine clo'es;
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;

And 'Madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
 You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live;
 I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
 But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes;
 ———, they bid us reform and repent,
 But z—s by their looks they never keep Lent;
 Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
 You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid;
 I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
 In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band;
 (For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
 That the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny)
 'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
 Observe how a parson comes into a room,
 ———, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
 A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
 Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a goose;
 Your *Noveds*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omurs*, and stuff,
 By ———, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
 To give a young gentleman right education,
 The Army's the only good school in the nation;
 My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
 I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
 And the puppy confess'd he expected no good of me.
 He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
 And he maul'd me; I ne'er was so maul'd in my life;
 So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
 The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
 Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
 But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'

"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
 So then you look'd scornful, and sniff at the dean,
 As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and lean?*
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
 Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down,"
 Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Altho' it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cried, "Hussy, why sure the wench has gone mad;

How could these chimeras get into your brains ?
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his jibes and his jeers.
For your life not a word of the matter, I charge ye,
Give me but a barrack ; a fig for the clergy."

Jonathan Swift.

CXXII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

Sent on her Birth-Day.

O, BE thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure and a friend !
Not with those toys the female race admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
Not as the world its petty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive, ridiculous,—and dead, forgot !

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face ;
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy ;
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come !

Alexander Pope.

CXXIII.

PR'YTHEE, Chloe, not so fast,
Let's not run and wed in haste ;
We've a thousand things to do,
You must fly, and I pursue ;

You must frown, and I must sigh;
 I entreat, and you deny.
 Stay—If I am never crost,
 Half the pleasure will be lost.

Be, or seem to be severe,
 Give me reason to despair;
 Fondness will my wishes cloy,
 Make me careless of the joy.
 Lovers may, of course, complain
 Of their trouble, and their pain;
 But if pain and trouble cease,
 Love without it will not please.

Unknown.

CXXIV.

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

WOULD you that Delville I describe?
 Believe me, sir, I will not gibe:
 For who could be satirical?
 Upon a thing so very small?
 You scarce upon the borders enter,
 Before you're at the very centre.
 A single crow can make it night,
 When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
 Yet, in this narrow compass, we
 Observe a vast variety;
 Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
 Windows, and doors, and rooms, and stairs,
 And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
 And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
 All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
 Without the mowing or the reaping:
 A razor, tho' to say't I'm loth,
 Would shave you and your meadows both.
 Tho' small's the farm, yet here's a house
 Full large to entertain a mouse;
 But where a rat is dreaded more
 Than savage Caledonian boar;
 For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
 There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal
Down thro' a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek :
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in ;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a tailor's chalk ;
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up thro' a tuft you call your trees :
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows ;
In vain then you expect its bloom !
It cannot blow for want of room.

In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

CXXV.

*ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-
YARD OF CASTLENOCK.*

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow, poet Joe,
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time, a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall,
And tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground,

For by the laws of gravitation
It fell into its proper station.

This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile :
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple gave a shock :
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls,
The steeple, Knock : the Vicar, Walls.

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin ;
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass,
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out ;
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.

A school-boy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house, or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
And every one was pleased that heard it.
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout,
The Rev. Dr. Raymond guess'd
More probably than all the rest ;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand !
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child ;
That thing, I mean, among the kale,
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What, sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town,
He would not sell it for a crown?
Poh, fellow, keep not such a pother,
In half-an-hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy, I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this,
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe my apron full of bricks.

Jonathan Swift.

CXXVI.

A RONDELAÏ.

MAN is for woman made,
And woman made for man :
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

As the sceptre to be sway'd,
As to night the serenade,
As for pudding is the pan,
As to cool us is the fan,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife, or maid,
Be she wanton, be she staid,
Be she well or ill array'd,

* * *
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

Peter A. Motteux.

CXXVII.

THE BRACELET.

WHY I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
For what other reason is't

But to show thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art?
—But thy bond-slave is my heart.

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
Snap the thread, and thou art free;
But 'tis otherwise with me:

I am bound, and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go:
If I could I would not so!

Thomas Herrick.

CXXVIII.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Edmund Waller.

CXXIX.

TO A GLOVE.

Go, virgin kid, with lambent kiss,
Salute a virgin's hand ;
Go, senseless thing, and reap a bliss
Thou dost not understand :
Go, for in thee, methinks, I find
(Though 'tis not half so bright)
An emblem of her beauteous mind,
By nature clad in white.

Securely thou may'st touch the fair,
Whom few securely can ;
May'st press her breast, her lip, her hair,
Or wanton with her fan :
May'st coach it with her to and fro,
From masquerade to plays ;
Ah ! couldst thou hither come and go,
To tell me what she says !

Go then, and when the morning cold
Shall nip her lily arm,
Do thou (oh, might I be so bold !)
With kisses make it warm.
But when thy glossy beauty's o'er,
When all thy charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
Than e'er I yet have done.

Unknown.

CXXX.

SUSAN'S COMPLAINT AND REMEDY.

As down in the meadows I chanc'd to pass,
O ! there I beheld a young beautiful lass :
Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen ;
And she on her head wore a garland of green :
Her lips were like rubies ; and as for her eyes,
They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies :
And, as for her voice, it was charming and clear,
As sadly she sung for the loss of her dear.

"Why does my loved Billy prove false and unkind,
 Ah! why does he change, like the wavering wind,
 From one that is loyal in every degree?
 Ah! why does he change to another from me?
 Or does he take pleasure to torture me so?
 Or does he delight in my sad overthrow?
 Susannah will always prove true to her trust,
 'Tis pity, loved Billy should be so unjust.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
 There, there did we pass the soft minutes away;
 O then was I kiss'd, as I sat on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.
 And as he went forth to hoe, harrow, and plough,
 I milk'd him sweet syllabubs under my cow;
 O then I was kiss'd, as I sat on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and Fanny, the fair,
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts, and his care;
 And he kisses her lips, and she sits on his knee,
 As he says all the soft things he once said to me.
 But if she believe him, the false-hearted swain
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain:
 For nought is more certain (believe, silly Sue),
 Who once has been faithless, can never be true."

She finished her song, and rose up to be gone,
 When over the meadow came jolly young John;
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
 And, if she'd consent, he would make her his wife;
 She could not refuse him, to church so they went,
 Young Billy's forgot, and young Susan's content.
 Most men are like Billy, most women like Sue;
 If men will be false, why should women be true?

Unknown.

CXXXI.

*ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION
OF MRS. HOWE.*

WHAT is Prudery? 'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
 'Tis (no 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows.

'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies,
'Tis an ugly envious shrew
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

Alexander Pope.

CXXXII.

WHAT IS PRUDENCE?

PRUDENCE, Sir William, is a jewel—
Is clothes, and meat, and drink, and fuel!
Prudence! for man the very best of wives,
Whom bards have seldom met with in their lives;
Which certes does account for, in some measure,
Their grievous want of worldly treasure,
On which the greatest blockheads make their brags,
And sheweth why we see, instead of lace
About the poet's back, with little grace,
Those fluttering, French-like followers—call'd rags.

Prudence, a sweet, obliging, curtsying lass,
Fit through this hypocritic world to pass!
Who kept at first a little peddling shop,
Swept her own room, twirled her own mop,
Wash'd her own clothes, caught her own fleas,
And rose to fame and fortune by degrees;
Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,
'Till spoke to was as silent as a mouse is;
And of opinions tho' possess'd a store,
She left them with her pattens—at the door.

John Wolcot.

CXXXIII.

SONG BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

I SAID to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation?

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply :—
 See the heart without motion, though Celia pass by !
 Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
 Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so refined,
 I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind ;
 Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire ;
 Every word I attend ; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
 Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim :
 'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes ;
 Those stars of the world are too good for the skies.

But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;
 When she comes in my way, the emotion, the pain,
 The leapings, the achings, return all again.

O wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
 Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season !
 When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she ?

Lord Peterborough.

CXXXIV.

THE LOVER'S CHOICE.

You, Damon, covet to possess
 The nymph that sparkles in her dress ;
 Would rustling silks and hoops invade,
 And clasp an armful of brocade.

Such raise the price of your delight
 Who purchase both their red and white,
 And, pirate-like surprise your heart
 With colours of adulterate art.

Me, Damon, me the maid enchants
 Whose cheeks the hand of nature paints ;
 A modest blush adorns her face,
 Her air an unaffected grace.

No art she knows, or seeks to know ;
No charm to wealthy pride will owe ;
No gems, no gold she needs to wear ;
She shines intrinsically fair.

William Bedingfield.

CXXXV.

AMYNTA.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook ;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

O, what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?
O, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love !
O, fool ! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true !

Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;
Poor Shepherd, Amynta can no more be thine ;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

Sir Gilbert Elliot.

CXXXVI.

STREPHON, when you see me fly,
Why should that your fear create ?
Maids may be as often shy,
Out of love, as out of hate :
When from you I fly away,
'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of hatred run
Less would be my pain and care ;
But the youth I love to shun !
Who could such a trial bear ?
Who, that such a swain did see,
Who could love, and fly, like me ?

Cruel duty bids me go ;
 Gentle love commands my stay ;
 Duty's still to love a foe ;
 Shall I this or that obey ?
 Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by this crystal stream,
 I could sit and see thee sigh,
 Ravish'd with this pleasing dream,
 O, 'tis worse than death to fly !
 But the danger is so great,
 Fear gives wings instead of feet.

If you love me, Strephon, leave me ;
 If you stay, I am undone ;
 O, you may with ease deceive me ;
 Pr'ythee, charming boy, begone :
 The gods decree, that we must part ;
 They have my vow, but you my heart.

Unknown.

CXXXVII.

WHAT IS A WOMAN LIKE ?

A WOMAN is like to—but stay—
 What a woman is like, who can say ?
 There is no living with or without one—
 Love bites like a fly,
 Now an ear, now an eye,
 Buz, buz, always buzzing about one,
 When she's tender and kind
 She is like, to my mind,
 (And Fanny was so, I remember),
 She's like to—O dear !
 She's as good, very near,
 As a ripe melting peach in September.
 If she laugh, and she chat,
 Play, joke, and all that,
 And with smiles and good humour she meet me,
 She's like a rich dish
 Of venison or fish,
 That cries from the table, Come eat me !

But she'll plague you, and vex you,
Distract and perplex you ;
False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What then do you think, she is like ?
 Like a sand ? like a rock ?
 Like a wheel ? like a clock ?
Ay, a clock that is always at strike.
Her head's like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on ;
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice
She carves for each lover a slice ;
 In truth she's to me,
 Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man ;
 Like a mill, like a pill,
 Like a flail, like a whale,
 Like an ass, like a glass
Whose image is constant to no man ;
 Like a shower, like a flower,
 Like a fly, like a pie,
 Like a pea, like a flea,
 Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman !

Unknown.

CXXXVIII.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Fragment.

ONCE on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and could do't,
On just occasion, "*coute qui coute.*"
He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
Pudding, that might have pleased a Dean ;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;

Yet, to his guest though no ways sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried, "I vow, you're mighty neat.
 "But Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
 "For God's sake, come and live with men:
 "Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 "Both small and great, both you and I;
 "Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 "(This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court)."
 The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they came, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their Lordships had sat late).

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shined in description, he might show it;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
 But let it, in a word, be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red:
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,
 "*Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!*
 "That jelly's rich, this Malmsey's healing,
 "Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain?
 He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
 "I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
 "To eat so much—but all's so good.
 "I have a thousand thanks to give—
 "My Lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, than from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
 "A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—

The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice !
" An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
" This same dessert is not so pleasant :
" Give me again my hollow tree,
" A crust of bread, and liberty !"

Alexander Pope.

CXXXIX.

THE ENTAIL.

IN a fair summer's radiant morn
A Butterfly, divinely born,
Whose lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
Long hovering round a perfumed lawn,
By various gusts of odour drawn,
At last establish'd his repose
On the rich bosom of a Rose.

The palace pleased the lordly guest ;
What insect owned a prouder nest ?
The dewy leaves luxurious shed
Their balmy odours o'er his head,
And with their silken tap'stry fold
His limbs enthroned on central gold,
He thinks the thorns embattled round
To guard his lovely castle's mound,
And all the bushes' wide domain
Subservient to his fancied reign.

Such ample blessings swell'd the Fly,
Yet in his mind's capacious eye,
He roll'd the change of mortal things ;
The common fate of Flies and Kings.
With grief he saw how lands and honours
Are apt to slide to various owners ;
Where Mowbrays dwelt, now grocers dwell,
And how Cits buy what Barons sell.
" Great Phoebus, Patriarch of my line,
Avert such shame from sons of thine !
To them confirm these roofs," he said ;
And then he swore an oath so dread,

The stoutest wasp that wears a sword
 Had trembled to have heard the word !
 " If Law can rivet down Entails,
 These manors ne'er shall pass to Snails,
 I swear"—and then he smote his ermine—
 " These towers were never built for vermin."

A Caterpillar grovell'd near,
 A subtle slow Conveyancer,
 Who, summoned, waddles with his quill
 To draw the haughty Insect's will.
 None but his heirs must own the spot,
 Begotten, or to be begot ;
 Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
 To eggs of eggs of Butterflies.

When lo ! how Fortune loves to tease
 Those who would dictate her decrees !
 A wanton boy was passing by ;
 The wanton child beheld the Fly,
 And eager ran to seize the prey—
 But, too impetuous in his play,
 Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour,
 And swept away the Mansion-flower.

Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.

CXL.

*ON A HALFPENNY WHICH A YOUNG LADY
 GAVE A BEGGAR, AND WHICH THE AUTHOR
 REDEEMED FOR HALF-A-CROWN.*

DEAR little, pretty, favourite ore,
 That once increased Gloriana's store ;
 That lay within her bosom blest,
 Gods might have envied thee thy rest !
 I've read, imperial Jove of old
 For love transform'd himself to gold :
 And why for a more lovely lass
 May he not now have lurk'd in brass ?
 O, rather than from her he'd part
 He'd shut that charitable heart,
 That heart whose goodness nothing less
 Than his vast power could dispossess.

From Gloriana's gentle touch
Thy mighty value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his medals are to Sloane.

Henry Fielding.

CXLI.

I LATELY vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem when they are past
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find ;
I make my oaths when she's severe,
But break them when she's kind.

John Oldmixon.

CXLII.

*ON BEAU NASH'S PICTURE AT BATH, WHICH
ONCE STOOD BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF
NEWTON AND POPE.*

THIS picture placed these busts between,
Gives satire its full strength ;
Wisdom and wit are seldom seen,
But folly at full length.

Mrs. Jane Brereton.

CXLIII.

ON THE ABOVE LINES.

IMMORTAL Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find ;
Nor Pope himself ere penn'd a joke,
Severer on mankind.

Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

CXLIV.

ADVICE TO A LADY IN AUTUMN.

ASSES' milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before,
 Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.
 At nine stretch your arms, and oh! think when alone
 There's no pleasure in bed.—Mary, bring me my gown :
 Slip on that ere you rise; let your caution be such;
 Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too much;
 Your pinners set right, your twitcher tied on,
 Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done,
 Retire to some author improving and gay,
 And with sense like your own, set your mind for the day.
 At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the year,
 The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear:
 But mark in the meadows the ruin of time;
 Take the hint, and let life be improved in its prime.
 Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed;
 For beauty, like yours, no assistance can need.
 With an appetite thus down to dinner you sit,
 Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit:
 Let this be indulged, and let laughter go round;
 As it pleases your mind to your health, 'twill redound.
 After dinner two glasses at least, I approve;
 Name the first to the King, and the last to your love:
 Thus cheerful, with wisdom, with innocence, gay,
 And calm with your joys, gently glide through the day.
 The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
 Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,
 Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.
 All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind;
 And those you may end, when you please to be kind.

Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

CXLV.

*ON LORD ISLAY'S GARDEN AT WHITTON ON
HOUNSLOW HEATH.*

OLD ISLAY, to show his fine delicate taste,
 In improving his garden purloin'd from the waste;

Bade his gard'ner one morning lay open his views,
By cutting a couple of grand avenues.
No particular prospect his Lordship intended,
But left it to chance how his walks should be ended,
With transport and joy he perceiv'd his first view end
In a favourite prospect—a church that was ruin'd;
But alas! what a sight did the next cut exhibit,
At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet!
He beheld it and wept, for it caused him to muse on
Full many a Campbell that died with his shoes on.
All amazed and aghast at the ominous scene,
He ordered it quick to be closed up again,
With a clump of Scotch fir trees by way of a screen.

Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

CXLVI.

ON A WOMAN OF FASHION.

“THEN, behind, all my hair is done up in a plat,
And so, like a cornet's, tuck'd under my hat,
Then I mount on my palfrey as gay as a lark,
And, follow'd by John, take the dust in High Park.
In the way I am met by some smart macaroni,
Who rides by my side on a little bay pony—
No sturdy Hibernian, with shoulders so wide,
But as taper and slim as the ponies they ride;
Their legs are as slim, and their shoulders no wider,
Dear sweet little creatures, both pony and rider!

“But sometimes, when hotter, I order my chaise,
And manage, myself, my two little greys:
Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies,
Other horses are clowns, and these macaronies,
And to give them this title I'm sure isn't wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

“In Kensington Gardens to stroll up and down,
You know was the fashion before you left town,
The thing's well enough, when allowance is made
For the size of the trees and the depth of the shade,
But the spread of their leaves such a shelter affords
To those noisy impertinent creatures call'd birds,
Whose ridiculous chirruping ruins the scene,
Brings the country before me, and gives me the spleen.

“Yet, though ’tis too rural—to come near the mark,
 We all herd in *one* walk, and that, nearest the park,
 There with ease we may see, as we pass by the wicket,
 The chimneys of Knightsbridge, and—footmen at cricket.
 I must though, in justice, declare that the grass,
 Which, worn by our feet, is diminish’d apace,
 In a little time more will be brown and as flat
 As the sand at Vauxhall, or as Ranelagh mat.
 Improving thus fast, perhaps, by degrees
 We may see rolls and butter spread under the trees,
 With a small pretty band in each seat of the walk,
 To play little tunes and enliven our talk.”

Thomas Tickell.

CXLVII.

LAST Sunday at St. James’s prayers,
 The prince and princess by,
 I, drest in all my whale-bone airs,
 Sat in a closet nigh.
 I bow’d my knees, I held my book,
 Read all the answers o’er;
 But was perverted by a look,
 Which pierced me from the door.
 High thoughts of Heaven I came to use,
 With the devoutest care;
 Which gay young Strephon made me lose,
 And all the raptures there.
 He stood to hand me to my chair,
 And bow’d with courtly grace;
 But whisper’d love into my ear,
 Too warm for that grave place.
 “Love, love,” said he, “by all adored,
 My tender heart has won.”
 But I grew peevish at the word,
 And bade he would be gone.
 He went quite out of sight, while I
 A kinder answer meant;
 Nor did I for my sins that day
 By half so much repent.

Unknown.

CXLVIII.

THE RETALIATION.

Or old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings a good dish:
Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour;
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savour:
Our Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain:
Our Garrick a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;
That Hickey's a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-fool.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth;
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find them out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied them,
That Slyboots was cursedly cunning to hide them.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote:
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.

In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home :
Would you ask for his merits ? alas, he had none :
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not what they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine ;
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
Say, was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks.
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines.
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own :

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover:
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can?
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting:
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind:
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
When he was be-Roscius'd, and you were bepraised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And Slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper:
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser.
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!
 Then what was his failing? Come, tell it, and burn ye,—
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind:
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Oliver Goldsmith.

CXLIX.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear,
 In your holyday suits, with your lasses appear;
 The happiest of folk, are the guiltless and free,
 And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no passions, by luxury taught,
 We practise no arts, with hypocrisy fraught;
 What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes;
 For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
 But we, as the children of nature are bred;
 By her hand alone we are painted and dress'd,
 For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

That giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal:
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;

So harmless and simple we sport, and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

David Garrick.

CL.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,—
Not handled too roughly, or play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed at your will.

Be gay and good-humoured, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

David Garrick.

CLI.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for love's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
 Would you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you ?

Say, would you use that very power
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin in one fatal hour
 A life of spotless fame ?

Resolve not then to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may ;
 But rather use your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard ;
 Defend, and not pursue ;
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard
 To strive with love and you.

Soame Jenyns.

CLIL

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my Lord, for your venison—for finer or fatter
 Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter :
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy ;
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
 To spoil such a delicate picture by eating :
 I had thought, in my chambers, to place it in view,
 To be shewn to my friends as a piece of *virtu*—
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show ;
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce
 This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ;
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
 But, my Lord, it's no bounce—I protest in my turn,
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.

To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch—
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose—
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these, I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef:
There's my countryman Higgins—O, let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt—
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, enter'd:
An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.
“What have we got here?—why this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?”
“Why, whose should it be?” cried I, with a flounce;
“I get these things often;”—but that was a bounce:
“Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation.”
“If that be the case then,” cried he, very gay,
“I'm glad I have taken this house in my way:”
“To-morrow you'll take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare,
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner,
What say you—a pasty—it shall and it must;
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter, this venison with me to Mile-End;
No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!”
Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables followed behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And “nobody with me at sea but myself;”
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,

Were things that I never disliked in my life,
 Tho' clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife :
 So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come ;
 "For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale ;
 But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty ;
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew—
 They both of them merry, and authors like you ;
 The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;
 Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
 While thus he described them by trade and by name,
 They entered, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen ;
 At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot ;
 In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my Lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round ;
 But what vex'd me most, was that hang'd Scottish rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue,
 And "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
 Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst,
 But I've ate of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst."
 "The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
 "I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week :
 I like these here dinners, so pretty and small ;
 But your friend there the Doctor eats nothing at all."
 "O-oh," quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 There's a pasty"—"a pasty!" repeated the Jew ;
 "I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
 "What the de'il, mon, a pasty," re-echo'd the Scot ;
 "Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
 "We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out ;
 "We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.

While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid !
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night !
But we quickly found out—for who could mistake her—
That she came with some terrible news from the baker ;
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven !
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And, now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste ;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;
At least it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
So, perhaps, in your habit of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

Oliver Goldsmith.

· CLIII.

I LATELY thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventured to assert it.
The observation was not new,
But seemed to me so just and true
That none could controvert it.

“No, sir,” said Johnson, “’tis not so ;
’Tis your mistake, and I can show
An instance, if you doubt it.
You, who perhaps are forty-eight,
May still improve, ’tis not too late ;
I wish you’d set about it.”

Encouraged thus to mend my faults,
I turn’d his counsel in my thoughts
Which way I could apply it ;
Genius I knew was past my reach,
For who can learn what none can teach ?
And wit—I could not buy it.

Lyra Elegantiarum.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill ;
 You may improve me if you will,
 (My books are at a distance) :
 With you I'll live and learn, and then
 Instead of books I shall read men,
 So lend me your assistance.

Dear Knight of Plympton, teach me how
 To suffer with unclouded brow,
 And smile serene as thine,
 The jest uncouth and truth severe ;
 Like thee to turn my deafest ear,
 And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st not only skill is gain'd,
 But genius, too, may be attain'd,
 By studious imitation ;
 Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
 I'll study till I make them mine
 By constant meditation.

The art of pleasing teach me, Garrick,
 Thou who reversest odes Pindarick
 A second time read o'er ;
 O could we read thee backwards too,
 Last thirty years thou shouldst review,
 And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
 Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
 In terms select and terse ;
 Jones, teach me modesty and Greek ;
 Smith, how to think ; Burke, how to speak ;
 And Beauclerk, to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place
 In fairest light each borrow'd grace,
 From him I'll learn to write :
 Copy his free and easy style,
 And from the roughness of his file
 Grow, like himself, polite.

Dr. Barnard, of Killaloe.

CLIV.

WHEN Molly smiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart—I can't tell how;
When Molly is on Sunday drest,
On Sundays I can take no rest.

What can I do? on worky days
I leave my work on her to gaze.
What shall I say? At sermons, I
Forget the text when Molly's by.

Good master curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching, and my plough:
And if for this you'll raise a spell,
A good fat goose shall thank you well.

Unknown.

CLV.

ROBIN'S COMPLAINT.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay?
Or linger, when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
 Then cheerfully I gave her two ;
 And I her lambs did safely keep,
 Within my folds, in frost and snow.
 Have they not there from cold been free ?
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;
 Full as they were, I brought them home :
 Her corn I carried to the mill.
 My back did bear the sack, but she
 Will never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best :
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Ate up a peck of pease, at least :
 Her little pigeons kiss, but she
 Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
 And Nanny still on Robin frown ?
 Alas, poor wretch ! what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron-string.

Unknown.

CLVI.

YE nymphs and ye swains, from the groves and the plains,
 Attend my complaints, and give ear to my strains ;
 No lover in story, or ancient or new,
 Has suffered so much for a passion so true.

The nymph I adore's neither cruel, nor kind,
 To love seems averse, to my friendship inclined.
 She smiles when I'm gay, when I sigh she looks grave,
 She admits me her friend, she denies me her slave.

I tell her I'm dying, she asks what I ail :
 I fall at her feet, but, alas, 't won't avail :
 She wonders, why trembling, I sigh and complain,
 And pities my case, tho' she laughs at my pain.

Lyra Elegantissimum.

A bosom so frozen, what lover
O say, O ye Powers, shall I
Shall I fly to a warmer, or
Who'll as soon case my

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I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
 Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
 It buys what Courts have not in store,
 It buys me Freedom, at an Inn.

And now once more I shape my way
 Through rain or shine, through thick or thin,
 Secure to meet, at close of day,
 With kind reception at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think how oft he found
 The warmest welcome—at an Inn.

William Shenstone.

CLX.

As 'tother day o'er the green meadow I pass'd,
 A swain overtook me, and held my hand fast;
 Then cried, my dear Lucy, thou cause of my care,
 How long must thy faithful young Thyrsis despair?
 To grant my petition, no longer be shy;
 But frowning, I answer'd, "O, fie, shepherd, fie."

He told me his fondness like time should endure,
 That beauty which kindled his flame 'twould secure;
 That all my sweet charms were for homage design'd,
 And youth was the season to love and be kind:
 Lord, what could I say? I could hardly deny,
 And faintly I uttered, "O, fie, shepherd, fie."

He swore—with a kiss, that he could not refrain,
 I told him 'twas rude,—but he kiss'd me again;
 My conduct, ye fair ones, in question ne'er call,
 Nor think I did wrong,—I did nothing at all!
 Resolved to resist, yet inclined to comply,
 I leave it for you to say, "Fie, shepherd, fie."

Unknown.

CLXI.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight ;
He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight :
He wants to be with me wherever I go ;
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side ;
He pipes and he sings, though I frown and I chide ;
I bid him depart : but he smiling, says "No."
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

He often requests me his flame to relieve ;
I ask him what favour he hopes to receive :
His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow ;
What mortal, beside him, would plague a maid so ?

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,
And softly entreated I'd wear't for his sake,
Such trifles are easy enough to bestow :
I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so !

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
And meets me each morn to conduct me again ;
But what's his intention I wish I could know,
For I'd rather be married than plagued by him so.

Unknown.

CLXII.

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask her favour ;
And yet the silly fool's in tears,
If she believes I'll leave her.
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her :
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

William Congreve.

CLXIII.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe ; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over :
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

Matthew Prior.

CLXIV.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister—Pembroke's mother—
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and wise and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

Ben Jonson.

CLXV.

TO LAURELS.

A FUNERAL stone,
Or verse, I covet none ;
But only crave
Of you that I may have
A sacred laurel springing from my grave,
Which being seen,
Blest with perpetual green,
May grow to be
Not so much call'd a tree,
As the eternal monument of me.

Robert Herrick.

CLXVI.

*UPON A LADY THAT DIED IN CHILD-BED,
AND LEFT A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.*

As gilly-flowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away,
So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
The garden's glory, lived awhile,
To lend the world your scent and smile:
But when your own fair print was set
Once in a virgin flosculet,
Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
To give that life, resign'd your own;
But so, as still the mother's power
Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

Robert Herrick.

CLXVII.

*UPON THE DEATH OF SIR A. MORTON'S
WIFE.*

HE first deceased; she, for a little, tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Sir Henry Wotton.

CLXVIII.

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
 He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
 In public employments industrious and grave,
 And alone with his friends, Lord ! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
 Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
 And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
 He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
 Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
 It says that his relics collected lie here,
 And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
 So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
 False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
 So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
 To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
 And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
 He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

Matthew Prior.

CLXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

To me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
 To live; alas ! one moment sets us even;
 Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven !

Matthew Prior.

CLXX.

*EPITAPH FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE
 BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

HEROES and kings ! your distance keep,
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you:
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Alexander Pope.

CLXXI.

ON TWIN-SISTERS.

FAIR marble tell to future days
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to every eye.
In stature, beauty, years and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

Unknown.

CLXXII.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid :
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine ;
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung ;
Whose soul, exalted, like a god of wit
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Unknown.

CLXXIII.

GAILY I lived as ease and nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought ;
And am annoyed that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

Unknown.

CLXXIV.

To my ninth decade I have totter'd on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady ;
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

Walter S. Landor.

CLXXV.

ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH.

FRIENDS! hear the words my wandering thoughts would
 say,
 And cast them into shape some other day;
 Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
 And, shatter'd by the fall, I stand alone.

Walter S. Landor.

CLXXVI.

EPITAPH IN CROYLAND ABBEY.

MAN's life is like unto a winter's day, —
 Some break their fast and so depart away.
 Others stay dinner, then depart full fed:
 The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
 O, reader, then behold and see,
 As we are now, so thou must be!

Unknown.

CLXXVII.

TO AN INFANT NEWLY BORN.

ON parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
 So live, that sinking in thy long last sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Sir William Jones.

CLXXVIII.

FEATHERS.

THERE falls with every wedding-chime
 A feather from the wing of Time.
 You pick it up, and say, "How fair
 To look upon its colours are!"
 Another drops, day after day,
 Unheeded; not one word you say:
 When bright and dusky are blown past,
 Upon the hearse there nods the last.

Walter S. Landor.

CLXXIX.

TO HIS SOUL.

POOR little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly
Lie all neglected, all forgot:
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

Matthew Prior.

CLXXX.

DEATH.

O DEATH, thy certainty is such,
The thought of thee so fearful;
That musing, I have wonder'd, much,
How men are ever cheerful.

Henry Luttrell.

CLXXXI.

MY muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled,
Sat up together many a night, no doubt:
But now I've sent the poor old lass to bed,
Simply because my fire is going out.

George Colman, the Younger.

CLXXXII.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter S. Landon.

CLXXXVII.

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

THESE springs were maidens once that loved :
 But lost to that they most approved :
 My story tells, by Love they were
 Turn'd to these springs which we see here :
 The pretty whimperings that they make,
 When of the banks their leaves they take,
 Tell ye but this, they are the same,
 In nothing changed but in their name.

Robert Herrick.

CLXXXVIII.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain
 To a lovely young shepherdess crossing the plain ;
 Why so much in haste ?—now the month it was May—
 May I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way ?
 Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a blush on her cheek, and a smile in her eye,
 I came from the village, and homeward I go,
 And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you know ?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you my reason for asking you this ;
 I would see you safe home—(now the swain was in love !)—
 Of such a companion if you would approve.
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But I see no great danger in going alone ;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too ;
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, why we never would part.
 O that's a long word, said the shepherdess then,
 I've often heard say there's no minding you men.
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true !
 Then to leave a young maiden's the first thing you do.

O judge not so harshly, the shepherd replied,
To prove what I say I will make you my bride.
To-morrow the parson (well said, little swain !)
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain.
Then what the nymph answer'd to this isn't said,
The very next morn, to be sure, they were wed.
Sing hey-diddle,—ho-diddle,—hey-diddle-down—
Now when shall we see such a wedding in town ?

Unknown.

CLXXXIX.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

WHILE at the helm of State you ride,
Our nation's envy, and its pride ;
While foreign Courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those counsels that they praise ;
Would you not wonder, sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you ?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.

You know, great sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great ;
Forbid it, gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as I !

The family that dines the latest
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest ;
But latest hours must surely fall
'Fore him who never dines at all.
Your taste in architect, you know,
Hath been admired by friend and foe ;
But can your earthly domes compare
With all my castles—in the air ?
We're often taught, it doth behove us
To think those greater who're above us ;
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you, twice two story ;
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of Arlington.

Greatness by poets still is painted
 With many followers acquainted :
 This, too, doth in my favour speak ;
 Your levée is but twice a week ;
 From mine I can exclude but one day,
 My door is quiet on a Sunday.

Nor in the manner of attendance,
 Doth your great bard claim less ascendance,
 Familiar you to admiration
 May be approached by all the nation ;
 While I, like the Mogul in Indo,
 Am never seen but at my window.
 If with my greatness you're offended,
 The fault is easily amended ;
 For I'll come down, with wondrous ease,
 Into whatever *place* you please.
 I'm not ambitious ; little matters
 Will serve us great, but humble creatures.

Suppose a secretary o' this isle,
 Just to be doing with a while ;
 Admiral, general, judge, or bishop :
 Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
 If the good genius of the nation
 Should call me to negotiation,
 Tuscan and French are in my head,
 Latin I write, and Greek—I read.
 If you should ask, what pleases best ?
 To get the most, and do the least ;
 What fittest for ?—you know, I'm sure,
 I'm fittest for—a sinecure.

Henry Fielding.

CXC.

TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

GREAT Sir, as on each levée day
 I still attend you—still you say—
 I'm busy now, to-morrow come ;
 To-morrow, sir, you're not at home ;
 So says your porter, and dare I
 Give such a man as him the lie ?

In imitation, sir, of you,
I keep a mighty levée too :
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return, no doubt,
But then, like you, sir, I'm gone out.

So says my maid ; but they less civil
Give maid and master to the devil ;
And then with menaces depart,
Which could you hear would pierce your heart.
Good sir, do make my levée fly me,
Or lend your porter to deny me.

Henry Fielding.

CXCI.

THE LASS OF THE HILL.

ON the brow of a hill a young Shepherdess dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt :
For a few sober maxims still ran in her head
That 'twas better to earn, ere she ate her brown bread ;
[That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who lived in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckoned a *beau*,
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale :
With his winning behaviour he melted her heart ;
For quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd and protested,—had knelt and implored,
He could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord :
Then her eyes he commended in language well drest,
And enlarged on the torments that troubled his breast ;
- Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
That in downright compassion to love she inclined.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment had ceas'd,
And now he goes flaunting all over the dell,
And boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell :
Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
And if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head,
 And her thoughts are so pestered, she scarce earns her bread :
 The whole village cries shame when a milking she goes,
 That so little affection she shows to the cows :
 But she heeds not their railing,—e'en let them rail on,
 And a fig for the cows, now her sweetheart is gone !

Take heed pretty virgins of Britain's fair Isle
 How you venture your hearts for a look or a smile,
 For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
 Who to court you and tempt you will try all his skill :
 So remember the lass at the brow of the hill.

Miss Mary Jones.

CXCII.

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT
 WALPOLE.

SUCH were the lively eyes and rosy hue
 Of Robin's face, when Robin first I knew,
 The gay companion and the favourite guest,
 Loved without awe, and without views caress'd.
 His cheerful smile and open honest look
 Added new graces to the truth he spoke.
 Then every man found something to commend,
 The pleasant neighbour, and the worthy friend :
 The generous master of a private house,
 The tender father, and indulgent spouse.
 The hardest censors at the worst believed,
 His temper was too easily deceived
 (A consequential ill goodnature draws,
 A bad effect, but from a noble cause).
 Whence then these clamours of a judging crowd,
 "Suspicious, griping, insolent, and proud—
 Rapacious, cruel, violent, and unjust ;
 False to his friend, and traitor to his trust."

Lady Mary W. Montagu.

CXCHII.

TO CELIA.

I HATE the town, and all its ways ;
 Ridottos, operas, and plays ;
 The ball, the ring, the mall, the Court,
 Wherever the *beau monde* resort ;
 Where beauties lie in ambush for folks,
 Earl Straffords and the Dukes of Norfolks ;
 All coffee-houses, and their praters,
 All courts of justice and debaters ;
 All taverns, and the sots within 'em ;
 All bubbles, and the rogues that skin 'em.
 I hate all critics ; may they burn all,
 From Bentley to the Grub-street Journal ;
 All bards, as Dennis hates a pun ;
 Those who have wit, and who have none.
 All nobles of whatever station ;
 And all the parsons in the nation.
 I hate the world crammed altogether,
 From beggars, up, the Lord knows whither !
 Ask you then, Celia, if there be
 The thing I love ? My charmer, thee.
 Thee more than light, than life adore,
 Thou dearest, sweetest creature, more
 Than wildest raptures can express,
 Than I can tell, or thou canst guess.
 Then tho' I bear a gentle mind,
 Let not my hatred of mankind
 Wonder within my Celia move,
 Since she possesses *all* I love.

Henry Fielding.

CXCIV.

TO THE SUNFLOWER.

HAIL ! pretty emblem of my fate !
 Sweet flower, you still on Phœbus wait ;
 On him you look, and with him move,
 By nature led, and constant love.

Know, pretty flower, that I am he,
 Who am in all so like to thee;
 I, too, my fair one court, and where
 She moves, my eyes I thither steer.

But, yet this difference still I find,
 The sun to you is always kind;
 Does always life and warmth bestow:—
 Ah! would my fair one use me so!

Ne'er would I wait till she arose
 From her soft bed and sweet repose;
 But, leaving thee, dull plant, by night
 I'd meet my Phillis with delight.

Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford.

CXCV.

THE SECRETARY.

WHILE with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
 And in one day atone for the business of six,
 In a little Dutch chaise, on a Saturday night,
 On my left-hand my Horace, a nymph on my right;
 No memoirs to compose, and no post-boy to move,
 That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love.
 For her neither visits nor parties at tea,
 Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
 This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
 To good or ill fortune the third we resign.
 Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
 I drive in my car in professional state.
 So with Phia thro' Athens Pisistratus rode;
 Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
 But why should I stories of Athens rehearse
 Where people knew love, and were partial to verse,
 Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose
 In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?
 By Greece and past ages what need I be tried
 When The Hague and the present are both on my side;
 And is it enough for the joys of the day
 To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?

When good Vandergoes and his provident vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'll find no man dar is
So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

Hague, 1696.

Matthew Prior.

CXCVI.

TO MRS. CREWE.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd ;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;
Where in manners, enchanting, no blemish we trace ;
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face ;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love :
Then tell me, mysterious Enchanter, O tell !
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenced that for once I am wise,
And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes ;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more ?
Is it reason ? No, that my whole life will belie,
For who so at variance as reason and I ?
Ambition, that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?
O, no ! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.
Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd ?
For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.
That I've felt each reverse that from Fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife :
But, tho' versed in extremes both of pleasure and pain,
I am still but too ready to feel them again.
If, then, for this once in my life, I am free,
And escape from the snares that catch wiser than me ;
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms ;
For though brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms ;

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
 But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendour we praise,
 So beauty our just admiration may claim,
 But love, and love only, the heart can inflame!

Rt. Honble. Charles James Fox.

CXC VII.

*EPISTLE FROM LORD BORINGDON TO LORD
 GRANVILLE.*

OFT you have ask'd me, Granville, why
 Of late I heave the frequent sigh?
 Why, moping, melancholy, low,
 From supper, commons, wine, I go?
 Why bows my mind, by care oppress'd;
 By day no peace, by night no rest?
 Hear, then, my friend, and ne'er you knew
 A tale so tender, and so true—
 Hear what, tho' shame my tongue restrain,
 My pen with freedom shall explain.

Say, Granville, do you not remember,
 About the middle of November,
 When Blenheim's hospitable lord
 Received us at his cheerful board;
 How fair the Ladies Spencer smiled,
 Enchanting, witty, courteous, mild?
 And mark'd you not, how many a glance
 Across the table, shot by chance
 From fair Eliza's graceful form,
 Assail'd and took my heart by storm?
 And mark'd you not, with earnest zeal,
 I ask'd her, if she'd have some veal?
 And how, when conversation's charms
 Fresh vigour gave to love's alarms,
 My heart was scorch'd, and burnt to tinder,
 When talking to her at the *winder*?
 These facts premised, you can't but guess
 The cause of my uneasiness,
 For you have heard, as well as I,
 That she'll be married speedily;
 And then—my grief more plain to tell—
 Soft cares, sweet fears, fond hopes,—farewell!

But still, tho' false the fleeting dream,
Indulge awhile the tender theme,
And hear, had fortune yet been kind,
How bright the prospect of the mind.
O! had I had it in my power
To wed her—with a suited dower—
And proudly bear the beauteous maid
To Saltrum's venerable shade,—
Or if she liked not woods at Saltrum,
Why, nothing easier than to alter 'em,—
Then had I tasted bliss sincere,
And happy been from year to year.
How changed this scene! for now, my Granville,
Another match is on the anvil.
And I, a widow'd dove, complain,
And feel no refuge from my pain—
Save that of pitying Spencer's sister,
Who's lost a lord, and gained a *Mister*.

The Rt. Honble. George Canning.

CXCVIII.

'Tis late, and I must haste away,
My usual hour of rest is near—
And do you press me, youths, to stay—
To stay and revel longer here?

Then give me back the scorn of care
Which spirits light in health allow,
And give me back the dark brown hair
Which curl'd upon my even brow.

And give me back the sportive jest
Which once could midnight hours beguile;
The life that bounded in my breast,
And joyous youth's becoming smile:

And give me back the fervid soul
Which love inflamed with strange delight,
When erst I sorrow'd o'er the bowl
At Chloe's coy and wanton flight.

'Tis late, and I must haste away,
 My usual hour of rest is near—
 But give me these, and I will stay—
 Will stay till noon, and revel here!

William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne.

CXCIX.

AN ODE TO THE EARL OF BATH.

GREAT Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er,
 The Tories trust your word no more,
 The Whigs no longer fear you;
 Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
 No crowd of coaches fills your yard,
 And scarce a soul comes near you.

Few now aspire to your good graces,
 Scarce any sue to you for places,
 Or come with their petition,
 To tell how well they have deserved,
 How long, how steadily they starved
 For you, in opposition.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
 Since all mankind perceive that power
 Is lodged in other hands:
 Sooner to Carteret now they'll go,
 Or even (tho' that's excessive low)
 To Wilmington or Sandys'.

With your obedient wife retire,
 And sitting silent by the fire,
 A sullen *tête-à-tête*.
 Think over all you've done or said,
 And curse the hour that you were made
 Unprofitably great.

With vapours there, and spleen o'ercast,
 Reflect on all your actions past
 With sorrow and contrition:
 And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
 From disappointed avarice,
 From frustrated ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
Of your deserting friends complain,
That visit you no more:
For in this country, 'tis a truth,
As known, as that love follows youth,
That friendship follows power.

Such is the calm of your retreat?
You thro' the dregs of life must sweat
Beneath this heavy load;
And I'll attend you as I've done,
Only to help reflection on,
With now and then an ode.
Sir Charles H. Williams.

CC.

THE STATESMAN.

WHAT statesman, what hero, what king,
Whose name thro' the island is spread,
Will you choose, oh, my Clio, to sing,
Of all the great living, or dead?

Go, my muse, from this place to Japan,
In search of a topic for rhyme;
The great Earl of Bath is the man
Who deserves to employ your whole time.

But, howe'er, as the subject is nice,
And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with matter,
May it please you to take my advice,
That you mayn't be suspected to flatter.

When you touch on his Lordship's high birth,
Speak Latin as if you were tipsy,
Say, we all are the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew,
Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties;
You may say, he is married—that's true—
Yet speak not a word of his Countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
 To enrol the fair deeds of his youth !
 When you mention the acts of his age,
 Leave a blank for his—honour and truth.

Say he made a great monarch change hands;
 He spake, and the minister fell;
 Say he made a great statesman of Sandys;—
 O that he had taught him to spell !

Then enlarge on his cunning and wit,
 Say how he harangued at the Fountain :
 Say how the old Patriots were bit,
 And a mouse was produced by a mountain.

Then say how he mark'd the new year
 By increasing our taxes and stocks;
 Then say how he changed to a Peer,
 Fit companion for Edgumbe and Fox.

Sir Charles H. Williams.

CCI.

*ADVICE TO THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM
 Upon a late Occasion.*

WELL may they, Wentworth, call thee young;
 What, hear and feel ! sift right from wrong,
 And to a wretch be kind !
 Old statesmen would reverse your plan,
 Sink, in the minister, the man,
 And be both deaf and blind.

If thus, my Lord, your heart o'erflows,
 Know you, how many mighty foes
 Such weakness will create you ?
 Regard not what Fitzherbert says,
 For though you gain each good man's praise,
 We older folks shall hate you.

You should have sent, the other day,
 Garrick, the player, with frowns away ;
 Your smiles but made him bolder :
 Why would you hear his strange appeal,
 Which dared to make a statesman feel ?—
 I would that you were older.

You should be proud, and seem displeased,
Or you forever will be teased,
Your house with beggars haunted :
What, every suitor kindly used ?
If wrong, their folly is excused,
If right, their suit is granted.

From pressing words of great and small
To free yourself, give hopes to all,
And fail nineteen in twenty :
What, wound my honour, break my word ?
You're young again,—you may, my Lord,
Have precedents, in plenty !

Indeed, young Statesman, 'twill not do,—
Some other ways and means pursue,
More fitted to your station :
What from your boyish freaks can spring ?
Mere toys !—The favour of your king,
And love of all the nation,

David Garrick.

CCII.

TO ANY MINISTER, OR GREAT MAN.

WHETHER you lead the patriot band,
Or in the class of courtiers stand,
Or prudently prefer
The middle course, with equal zeal
To serve both king and common-weal,—
Your Grace, my Lord, or Sir !

Know, minister ! whate'er you plan,—
Whate'er your politics, great man,
You must expect detraction ;
Though of clean hand, and honest heart,
Your greatness must expect to smart
Beneath the rod of faction.

Like blockheads, eager in dispute,
The mob, that many-headed brute,
All bark and bawl together ;
For continental measures some,
And some cry, keep your troops at home,
And some are pleased with neither.

Lo, a militia guards the land !
 Thousands applaud your saving hand,
 And hail you their protector ;
 While thousands censure and defame,
 And brand you with the hideous name
 Of state-quack and projector.

Are active, vigorous means preferr'd —
 Lord, what harangues are hourly heard
 Of wasted blood and treasure !
 Then all for enterprise and plot,
 And, out on this unmeaning Scot !
 If cautious in your measure.

Corruption's influence you despise ;—
 These lift your glory to the skies,
 Those pluck your glory down ;
 So strangely different is the note
 Of scoundrels that have right to vote,
 And scoundrels that have none.

Unknown.

CCIII.

*THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE
 GRINDER.*

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

“NEEDY knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
 Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in't,
 So have your breeches !

“Weary knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, ‘Knives and
 Scissors to grind O !’

“Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives ?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
 Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?
 Or the attorney ?

“Was it the squire for killing of his game ? or
 Covetous parson for his tithes distraining ?
 Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
 All in a law-suit ?

("Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine ?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-lids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in the scuffle.

"Constable came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the Justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you would give me sixpence ;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !"

*(Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and
exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and
universal philanthropy.)*

Anti-Jacobin,

CCIV.

A POLITICAL DESPATCH.

IN matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much ;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.
Twenty per cent.,

Twenty per cent.,

Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.

The Right Hon. George Canning.

CCV.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATION.

*Part of Mr. Whitbread's speech on the trial of Lord Melville,
put into verse by Canning at the time it was delivered.*

I'm like Archimedes for science and skill,
I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill;
I'm like (with respect to the fair be it said,)
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
If you ask why the 11th of June I remember,
Much better than April, or May, or November,
On that day, my Lords, with truth, I assure ye,
My sainted progenitor set up his brewery;
On that day, in the morn, he began brewing beer;
On that day, too, began his connubial career;
On that day he received and he issued his bills;
On that day he cleared out all the cash from his tills;
On that day he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels all cried, "Here's old Whitbread a-coming!"
So that day still I hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his bier with an E, and his bier with an I;
And still on that day, in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family dine all together.
So long as the beams of this house shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court,
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos:
So long as the sun shall shine in at those windows,
My name shall shine bright as my ancestor's shines,
Mine recorded in journals, his blazon'd on signs!

The Right Hon. George Canning.

CCVI.

KING CRACK AND HIS IDOLS.

Written after the late negotiation for a new ministry.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible kings,
(At least so his courtiers would swear to you gladly,)
But Crack now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping images sadly.

Some broken-down idols, that long had been placed
In his Father's old Cabinet, pleased him so much,
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, tho'—such was his
taste !—

They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to touch.

And these were the beautiful gods of King Crack !—

But his People, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your godships must pack—
You'll not do for *us*, tho' you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then, trampling these images under their feet,

They sent Crack a petition, beginning "Great Cæsar !

We're willing to worship ; but only entreat

That you'll find us some decenter godheads than these
are."

"I'll try," says King Crack—so they furnish'd him models

Of better shaped gods, but he sent them all back ;

Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of
noddles,

In short they were all much too godlike for Crack.

So he took to his darling old idols again,

And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,

In open defiance of gods and of men,

Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places.

Thomas Moore.

CCVII.

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM.

If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,

The sky if no longer dark tempests deform,

When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep ?

No—here's to the pilot that weather'd the storm !

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn ;

Let Faction her idol extol to the skies ;

To Virtue in humble retirement withdrawn,

Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise !

And shall not *his* memory to Britain be dear,
 Whose example with envy all nations behold ?
 A Statesman unbiass'd by interest or fear,
 By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold !

Who, when terror and doubt thro' the universe reigned,
 When rapine and treason their standards unfurl'd,
 The hearts and the hopes of his country maintained,
 And our kingdom preserved midst the wreck of the world !

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
 While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine :
 When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,
 And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So, Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
 Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall ;
 Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore ;
 Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall.

O take them, for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
 For evils by courage and constancy braved,
 O take for thy throne by thy counsels upheld
 The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved.

And oh ! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
 The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform ;
 The regrets of the good and the fears of the wise,
 Shall turn to the pilot that weather'd the storm.

Right Hon. George Canning.

CCVIII.

MARS DISARMED BY LOVE.

AYE, bear it hence, thou blessed child,
 Though dire the burthen be,
 And hide it in the pathless wild,
 Or drown it in the sea :
 The ruthless murderer swears and prays ;
 So let him swear and pray ;
 Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
 And take the sword away.

We've had enough of fleets and camps,
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
Huzzas and epaulettes;
We could not bear upon our head
Another leaf of bay;
That horrid Buonaparte's dead;—
Yes, take the sword away.

We're weary of the noisy boasts
That pleased our patriot throngs:
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
And tame to Dibdin's songs;
We're quite content to rule the wave,
Without a great display;
We're known to be extremely brave;
But take the sword away.

We give a shrug, when fife and drum
Play up a favourite air;
We think our barracks are become
More ugly than they were;
We laugh to see the banners float;
We loathe the charger's bray;
We don't admire a scarlet coat;
Do take the sword away.

Let Portugal have rulers twain;
Let Greece go on with none;
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun;
Let Turkey tremble at the knout;
Let Algiers lose her Dey;
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out;—
Bah! take the sword away.

Our honest friends in Parliament
Are looking vastly sad;
Our farmers say with one consent
It's all immensely bad;
There was a time for borrowing,
But now it's time to pay;
A budget is a serious thing;
So take the sword away.

And O, the bitter tears we wept,
 In those our days of fame,—
 The dread, that o'er our heart-strings crept
 With every post that came,—
 The home-affections, waged and lost
 In every far-off fray,—
 The price that British glory cost!
 Ah! take the sword away.

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
 Or mount the dangerous breach;
 And Freedom breathes in every gale,
 That wanders round our beach.
 When duty bids us dare or die,
 We'll fight another day:
 But till we know a reason why,
 Take, take the sword away.

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCIX.

*VERSES ON SEEING THE SPEAKER ASLEEP
 IN HIS CHAIR DURING ONE OF THE
 DEBATES OF THE FIRST REFORMED
 PARLIAMENT.*

SLEEP, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair
 If you mayn't in your bed, that you should in your chair;
 Louder and longer still they grow,
 Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
 Talking by night and talking by day:
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker—sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; slumber lies
 Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes.
 Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
 Some disorderly thing will do;
 Riot will chase repose away—
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker—sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
 Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
 Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
 Sweet to the children that work in the mill,
 You have more need of repose than they—
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker—sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon :
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker—sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time,
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord, how principles pass away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker—sleep while you may !

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCX.

*THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO
CAMBRIDGE.*

An Election Ballad.

As I sate down to breakfast in state,
At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,
With Betty beside me to wait,
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.
I laid down my basin of tea,
And Betty ceased spreading the toast,
"As sure as a gun, sir," said she,
"That must be the knock of the Post."

A letter—and free—bring it here—
I have no correspondent who franks.
No! yes! can it be? Why, my dear,
'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.
"Dear sir, as I know you desire
That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

"It has lately been brought to my knowledge,
That the ministers fully design
To suppress each Cathedral and College,
And eject every learned divine.

To assist this detestable scheme
 Three nuncios from Rome are come over;
 They left Calais on Monday by steam,
 And landed to dinner at Dover.

“ An army of grim Cordeliers,
 Well furnish'd with relics and vermin,
 Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
 To effect what their chiefs may determine.
 Lollards' tower, good authorities say,
 Is again fitting up as a prison;
 And a wood-merchant told me to-day
 'Tis a wonder how faggots have risen.

“ The finance-scheme of Canning contains
 A new Easter-offering tax:
 And he means to devote all the gains
 To a bounty on thumb-screws and racks.
 Your living, so neat and compact—
 Pray, don't let the news give you pain!
 Is promised, I know for a fact,
 To an olive-faced Padre from Spain.”

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
 Sore wounded with horror and pity;
 So I flew, with all possible speed,
 To our Protestant champion's committee,
 True gentlemen, kind and well bred!
 No fleering! no distance! no scorn!
 They asked after my wife who is dead,
 And my children who never were born,

They then, like high-principled Tories,
 Called our Sovereign unjust and unsteady,
 And assailed him with scandalous stories,
 Till the coach for the voters was ready.
 That coach might be well called a casket
 Of learning and brotherly love:
 There were parsons in boot and in basket;
 There were parsons below and above,

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair
 Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches;
 A smug chaplain of plausible air,
 Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches.

Dr. Buzz, who alone is a host,
Who, with arguments weighty as lead,
Proves six times a week in the *Post*
That flesh somehow differs from bread.

Dr. Nimrod, whose orthodox toes
Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup;
Dr. Humdrum, whose eloquence flows,
Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup;
Dr. Rosygill puffing and fanning,
And wiping away perspiration;
Dr. Humbug, who proved Mr. Canning
The beast in St. John's Revelation.

A layman can scarce form a notion
Of our wonderful talk on the road;
Of the learning, the wit, and devotion,
Which almost each syllable show'd:
Why divided allegiance agrees
So ill with our free constitution;
How Catholics swear as they please,
In hope of the priest's absolution:

How the bishop of Norwich had barter'd
His faith for a legate's commission;
How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyr'd,
Had stooped to a base coalition;
How Papists are cased from compassion
By bigotry, stronger than steel;
How burning would soon come in fashion,
And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touched and excited
By a subject so direly sublime,
That the rules of politeness were slighted,
And we all of us talked at a time;
And in tones, which each moment grew louder,
Told how we should dress for the show,
And where we should fasten the powder,
And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
And the journey pass'd pleasantly o'er,
Till at last Dr. Humdrum began:
From that time I remember no more.

At Ware he commenced his prelection,
 In the dullest of clerical drönes :
 And when next I regained recollection
 We were rumbling o'er Trumpington stones.

Thomas, Lord Macaulay. 1827.

CCXI.

THE FATE OF A BROOM: AN ANTICIPATION.

Lo ! in Corruption's lumber-room,
 The remnants of a wondrous broom ;
 That walking, talking, oft was seen ;
 Making stout promise to sweep clean ;
 But evermore, at every push,
 Proved but a stump without a brush.
 Upon its handle-top, a sconce,
 Like Brahma's, look'd four ways at once,
 Pouring on King, Lords, Church, and rabble,
 Long floods of favour-currying gabble ;
 From four-fold mouth-piece always spinning
 Projects of plausible beginning,
 Whereof said sconce did ne'er intend
 That any one should have an end ;
 Yet still, by shifts and quaint inventions,
 Got credit for its good intentions,
 Adding no trifle to the store
 Wherewith the devil paves his floor.
 Worn out at last, found bare and scrubbish,
 And thrown aside with other rubbish,
 We'll e'en hand o'er the enchanted stick,
 As a choice present for Old Nick,
 To sweep, beyond the Stygian lake,
 The pavement it has help'd to make.

J. L. Peacock.

CCXII.

IRELAND.

IRELAND never was contented.
 Say you so ? You are demented.
 Ireland was contented when
 All could use the sword and pen,

And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,
And about her courts were seen
Liveried angels robed in green,
Wearing, by St. Patrick's bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.

Walter S. Landor.

CCXIII.

ON SOME ENCROACHMENTS ON THE RIVER.

"FOUR Scotchmen, by the name of Adams,
Who keep their coaches for their madams,"
Quoth John, in sulky mood, to Thomas,
"Have stole the very river from us."

O, Scotland ! long it has been said
Thy teeth are sharp for English bread ;
What ! seize our bread and water too,
And use us worse than jailors do !
'Tis true 'tis hard ! 'tis hard 'tis true !

Ye friends of George, and friends of James,
Envy us not our river Thames :
The Princess, fond of raw-boned faces,
May give you all our posts and places ;
Take all—to gratify your pride,
But dip your oatmeal in the Clyde.

Unknown.

CCXIV.

THE CONSTANT SWAIN AND VIRTUOUS MAID.

SOON as the day begins to waste,
Straight to the well-known door I haste,
And, rapping there, I'm forced to stay
While Molly hides her work with care,
Adjusts her tucker and her hair,
And nimble Becky scours away.

Entering, I see in Molly's eyes
A sudden smiling joy arise,
As quickly check'd by virgin shame :
She drops a curtesy, steals a glance,
Receives a kiss, one step advance.—
If such I love, am I to blame ?

I sit, and talk of twenty things,
 Of South Sea Stock, or death of kings,
 While only "Yes" or "No," says Molly;
 As cautious she conceals her thoughts,
 As others do their private faults:—
 Is this her prudence, or her folly?

Parting, I kiss her lip and cheek,
 I hang about her snowy neck,
 And cry, "Farewell, my dearest Molly!"
 Yet still I hang, and still I kiss,
 Ye learnèd sages, say, is this
 In me the effect of love, or folly?

No—both by sober reason move,—
 She prudence shows, and I true love—
 No charge of folly can be laid.
 Then (till the marriage-rites proclaim'd
 Shall join our hands) let us be named
 The constant swain, and virtuous maid.

Unknown.

CCXV.

YOU say you love,—and twenty more
 Have sigh'd, and said the same before.
 And yet I swear, I can't tell how,
 I ne'er believed a man till now.

'Tis strange that I should credit give
 To words, who know that words deceive;
 And lay my better judgment by,
 To trust my partial ear or eye.

'Tis ten to one I had denied
 Your suit had you to-morrow tried;
 But, faith! unthinkingly, to-day
 My heedless heart has gone astray.

To bring it back would give me pain,
 Perhaps the struggle, too, were vain;
 I'm indolent,—so he that gains
 My heart, may keep it for his pains.

Unknown.

CCXVI.

FAIR Hebe I left, with a cautious design,
To escape from her charms, and to drown Love in wine;
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but still Love in my heart.

I repair'd to my Reason, entreating her aid,
Who paused on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd:
Then gravely pronounced, in return to my prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that were fair.

That's a truth, replied I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your counsel to find out a fault;
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
For to find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

Earl of De la Warre.

CCXVII.

As I went to the wake that is held on the green,
I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a queen;
A form so divine might an anchorite move,
And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with love:
So I ask'd for a kiss, but she, blushing, replied,
Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be denied.

Lovely Phœbe, says I, don't affect to be shy,
I vow I will kiss you—here's nobody by;
No matter for that, she replied, 'tis the same;
For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame;
So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd;
Besides, I'm resolved that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me! I cried, I'm surprised you refuse;
A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse;
The month it is May, and the season for love,
So come, my dear girl, to the wake let us rove.
No, Damon, she cried, I must first be your wife,
You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cried, to the church let us go,
But after, dear Phœbe must never say "No."

Do *you* prove but true, (she replied,) you shall find
 I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd, and kind.
 So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she won't,
 And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

Unknown.

CCXVIII.

*ON LORD KING'S MOTTO (LABOR IPSE
 VOLUPTAS.)*

'Tis not the splendour of the place,
 The gilded coach, the purse, the mace;
 Nor all the pompous train of state,
 With crowds that at your levee wait,
 That make you happy,—make you great.
 But while mankind you strive to bless,
 With all the talents you possess;
 While the chief pleasure you receive,
 Arises from the joy you give:
 This wins the heart, and conquers spite,
 And makes the heavy burthen light.
 For Pleasure, rightly understood,
 Is only labour to be good.

Unknown.

CCXIX.

*TO A CHILD OF QUALITY, FIVE YEARS OLD,
 1704. THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.*

LORDS, knights and squires, the numerous band
 That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
 Were summoned by her high command,
 To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
 Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
 Should dart their kindling fires, and look
 The power they have to be obey'd.

Not quality, nor reputation,
 Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
 Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
 And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms' beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The rhymes some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

Matthew Prior.

CCXX.

*AN ODE ON MISS HARRIET HANBURY, SIX
YEARS OLD.*

WHY should I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?
Why should I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue?

The power as yet is all in vain,
Thy numerous charms, and various graces:
They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents' faces.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel;
Those charms their powerful sway shall find:
Youth shall in crowds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms;
My Muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
To sing the victories of your charms.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
 At least while verse like mine endures :
 And future Hanburys shall boast,
 Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

A little vain we both may be,
 Since scarce another house can show,
 A poet, that can sing like me ;
 A beauty, that can charm like you.

Sir Charles H. Williams.

CCXXI.

*A SONG UPON MISS HARRIET HANBURY, AD-
 DRESSED TO THE REV. MR. BIRT.*

DEAR Doctor of St. Mary's,
 In the hundred of 'Bergavenny,
 I've seen such a lass,
 With a shape and a face,
 As never was match'd by any.

Such wit, such bloom, and such beauty,
 Has this girl of Ponty-Pool, Sir,
 With eyes that would make
 The toughest heart ache,
 And the wisest man a fool, Sir.

At our fair t'other day she appear'd, Sir,
 And the Welshmen all flock'd and view'd her ;
 And all of them said,
 She was fit t'have been made
 A wife for Owen Tudor.

They would ne'er have been tired of gazing,
 And so much her charms did please, Sir,
 That all of them sat
 Till their ale grew flat,
 And cold was their toasted cheese, Sir.

How happy the lord of the manor,
 That shall be of her possest, Sir ;
 For all must agree,
 Who my Harriet shall see,
 She's a Harriet of the best, Sir.

Then pray make a ballad about her ;
We know you have wit if you'd show it,
Then don't be ashamed,
You can never be blamed,—
For a prophet is often a poet !

But why don't you make one yourself, then ?
I suppose I by you shall be told, Sir,
This beautiful piece
Of Eve's flesh is my niece—
And besides, she's but five years old, Sir !

But tho', my dear friend, she's no older,
In her face it may plainly be seen, Sir,
That this angel at five,
Will, if she's alive,
Be a goddess at fifteen, Sir.

Sir Charles H. Williams.

CCXXII.

*TO MY COUSIN ANNE BODHAM, ON RECEIVING
FROM HER A PURSE.*

MY gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee,
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here ;
But not of love ;—that gem's too dear
For richest rogues to win it ;
I therefore, as a proof of love,
Esteem thy present far above
The best things kept within it.

William Cowper.

CCXXIII.

*SKETCH OF A YOUNG LADY FIVE MONTHS
OLD.*

MY pretty, budding, breathing flower,
Methinks, if I to-morrow
Could manage, just for half an hour,
Sir Joshua's brush to borrow,
I might immortalise a few
Of all the myriad graces
Which Time, while yet they all are new,
With newer still replaces.

I'd paint, my child, your deep blue eyes,
Their quick and earnest flashes ;
I'd paint the fringe that round them lies,
The fringe of long dark lashes ;
I'd draw with most fastidious care
One eyebrow, then the other,
And that fair forehead, broad and fair,
The forehead of your mother.

I'd oft retouch the dimpled cheek
Where health in sunshine dances ;
And oft the pouting lips, where speak
A thousand voiceless fancies ;
And the soft neck would keep me long,
The neck, more smooth and snowy
Than ever yet in schoolboy's song
Had Caroline or Chloe.

Nor less on those twin rounded arms
My new-found skill would linger,
Nor less upon the rosy charms
Of every tiny finger ;
Nor slight the small feet, little one,
So prematurely clever
That, though they neither walk nor run,
I think they'd jump for ever.

But then your odd endearing ways—
What study e'er could catch them ?
Your aimless gestures, endless plays—
What canvas e'er could match them ?

Your lively leap of merriment,
Your murmur of petition,
Your serious silence of content,
Your laugh of recognition.

Here were a puzzling toil, indeed,
For Art's most fine creations !—
Grow on, sweet baby; we will need,
To note your transformations,
No picture of your form or face,
Your waking or your sleeping,
But that which Love shall daily trace,
And trust to Memory's keeping.

Hereafter, when revolving years
Have made you tall and twenty,
And brought you blended hopes and fears,
And sighs and slaves in plenty,
May those who watch our little saint
Among her tasks and duties,
Feel all her virtues hard to paint,
As now we deem her beauties.

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCXXIV.

A RETROSPECT.

THERE are some wishes that may start,
Nor cloud the brow, nor sting the heart.
Gladly then would I see how smiled
One who now fondles with her child;
How smiled she but six years ago,
Herself a child, or nearly so.
Yes, let me bring before my sight
The silken tresses chained up tight,
The tiny fingers tipt with red,
By tossing up the strawberry-bed;
Half-open lips, long violet eyes,
A little rounder with surprise,
And then (her chin against her knee)
"Mamma! who can that stranger be?
How grave the smile he smiles on me!"

Walter S. Landor.

CCXXV.

TO A GIRL IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

THY smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
 So beautiful approve thee,
 So winning light are all thy ways,
 I cannot choose but love thee.
 Thy balmy breath upon my brow
 Is like the summer air,
 As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,
 To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
 Between the child and woman,
 And thoughts and feelings more profound,
 And other years are coming :
 And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
 More precious to the heart,
 But never canst thou be again
 That lovely thing thou art !

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
 Of fancy-fed affection ;
 And grief shall come with womanhood,
 And waken cold reflection.
 Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep,
 O'er pleasures unreturning,
 Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
 Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so ! nor cloud the sun
 Of joyous expectation,
 Ordain'd to bless the little one—
 The freshling of creation !

Sidney Walker.

CCXXVI.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
 A Benedictine pen,
 That cannot quite at freedom write
 Like those of other men.

No lover's plaint my Muse must paint
To fill this page's span,
But be correct and recollect
I'm not a single man.

Pray only think for pen and ink
How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that burn
Or Love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan,
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head
May eke it out with heart,
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
But if / so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm,
I must be wise about your eyes,
And formal with your form,
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line—
I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
To keep you off its *beat*,
And I might dare as soon to swear
At *you* as at your feet.
I can't expire in passion's fire
As other poets can—
My life (she's by) won't let me die—
I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
With neither hand nor heart,

To Hymen vow'd, and not allow'd
 To flirt e'en with your fan,
 Here end, as just a friend, I must—
 I'm not a single man.

Thomas Hood.

CCXXVII.

VALENTINE.

To the Honble. M. C. Stanhope.

HAIL, day of music, day of Love,
 On earth below, in air above.
 In air the turtle fondly moans,
 The linnet pipes in joyous tones;
 On earth the postman toils along,
 Bent double by huge bales of song,
 Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,
 Blazes all Cupid's heraldry—
 Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,
 Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows.
 What nymph without wild hopes and fears
 The double rap this morning hears!
 Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,
 From Bethnal Green to Belgrave Square,
 With cheeks high flush'd, and hearts loud beating,
 Await the tender annual greeting.
 The loveliest lass of all is mine—
 Good morrow to my Valentine!

GOOD morrow, gentle child! and then
 Again good morrow, and again,
 Good morrow following still good morrow,
 Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
 And when the god to whom we pay
 In jest our homages to-day
 Shall come to claim, no more in jest,
 His rightful empire o'er thy breast,
 Benignant may his aspect be,
 His yoke the truest liberty:
 And if a tear his power confess,
 Be it a tear of happiness.
 It shall be so. The Muse displays
 The future to her votary's gaze;

Prophetic rage my bosom swells—
 I taste the cake—I hear the bells!
 From Conduit Street the close array
 Of chariots barricades the way
 To where I see, with outstretch'd hand,
 Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,
 And half unbend his brow of pride,
 As welcoming so fair a bride.
 Gay favours, thick as flakes of snow,
 Brighten St. George's portico:
 Within I see the chancel's pale,
 The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,
 The page on which those fingers white,
 Still trembling from the awful rite,
 For the last time shall faintly trace
 The name of Stanhope's noble race.
 I see kind faces round thee pressing,
 I hear kind voices whisper blessing;
 And with those voices mingles mine—
 All good attend my Valentine!

Thomas, Lord Macaulay.

CCXXVIII.

NEIGHBOUR NELLY.

I'M in love with neighbour Nelly,
 Though I know she's only ten,
 While, alas, I'm eight-and-forty—
 And the *marriedest* of men!
 I've a wife who weighs me double,
 I've three daughters all with *beaux*:
 I've a son with noble whiskers,
 Who at me turns up his nose—

Though a square-toes, and a fogey,
 Still I've sunshine in my heart:
 Still I'm fond of cakes and marbles,
 Can appreciate a tart—
 I can love my neighbour Nelly
 Just as tho' I were a boy:
 I could hand her nuts and apples
 From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller,
 She is vigorous of limb :
 (You should see her play at cricket
 With her little brother Jim.)
 She has eyes as blue as damsons,
 She has pounds of auburn curls,
 She regrets the game of leapfrog
 Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my neighbour Nelly,
 I invite her in to tea :
 And I let her nurse the baby—
 All her pretty ways to see.
 Such a darling bud of woman,
 Yet remote from any teens,—
 I have learnt from neighbour Nelly
 What the girl's doll-instinct means.

Oh ! to see her with the baby !
 He adores her more than I,—
 How she choruses his crowing,—
 How she hushes every cry !
 How she loves to pit his dimples
 With her light forefinger deep,
 How she boasts to me in triumph
 When she's got him off to sleep !

We must part, my neighbour Nelly,
 For the summers quickly flee ;
 And your middle-aged admirer
 Must supplanted quickly be.
 Yet as jealous as a mother,—
 A distemper'd canker'd churl,
 I look vainly for the setting
 To be worthy such a pearl.

Robert B. Brough.

CCXXXIX.

O THOU art the lad of my heart, Willy,
 There's love, and there's life, and grace—
 There's a cheer in thy voice and thy bounding step,
 And there's bliss in thy blithesome face ;

But, O, how my heart was tried, Willy,
For little I thought to see
That the lad who won the lasses all
Would ever be won by me.

Adown this path we came, Willy,
'Twas just at the hour of eve;
And will he, or will he not, I thought,
My fluttering heart relieve?
So oft we paused as we saunter'd on,
'Twas fear, and hope—and fear;
But here, at the wood, as we parting stood,
'Twas rapture his vows to hear!

Of vows so soft—thy vows, Willy!
Who would not, like me, be proud;
Sweet lark, with thy soaring, echoing song,
Come down from thy rosy cloud,
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate—
But tell thy mate alone—
Thou hast seen a maid whose heart of love
Is as merry and light as thy own.

W. Smyth.

CCXXX.

THE FAIR THIEF.

BEFORE the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more,—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn:
Stole all the sweets that ether sheds
On primrose buds or violet beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' silken smiles:
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd Orient pearl for teeth:
The cherry, dipt in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store
To which, in time, she added more;

CCXXXIX.

IGNORANCE OF BOTANY.

I HARDLY know one flower that grows
On my small garden plot ;
Perhaps I may have seen a *Rose*,
And said, *Forget-me-Not*.

Walter S. Landor.

CCXL.

WHERE ARE SIGHS?

UNLESS my senses are more dull,
Sighs are become less plentiful.
Where are they all ? these many years
Only my own have reach'd my ears.

Walter S. Landor.

CCXLI.

ON ROBERT BURNS.

HE pass'd thro' life's tempestuous night,
A brilliant, trembling, northern light ;
Thro' years to come he'll shine from far,
A fix'd, unsetting, polar star.

James Montgomery.

CCXLII.

My heart still hovering round about you
I thought I could not live without you :
But since we've been three months asunder,
How I lived *with* you is the wonder.

Unknown.

CCXLIII,

*ON THE DISTINGUISHED SINGER, MISS
ELLEN TREE,*

ON this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
The Tree will return her as good as she brings.

Henry Luttrell.

CCXLIV,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S MILTON.

WITH virtue such as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, the serpent charm'd,
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought,
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

Matthew Prior,

CCXLV.

*THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-
GLASS TO VENUS.*

VENUS, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

Matthew Prior.

CCXLVI.

MYRTILLA, early on the lawn,
Steals roses from the blushing dawn;
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again!

Unknown.

CCXLVII.

ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG PRESENTED BY
MR. POPE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew ;
Pray, tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?

Alexander Pope.

CCXLVIII.

ON THE GREEK SCHOLAR GOTTFRIED
HERMANN.

A Syllogism, with the Conclusion suppressed.

THE Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek ;
Not five in five-score
But ninety-five more ;
All save only Hermann,
And—Hermann's a German.

Richard Porson.

CCXLIX.

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move,
What made you so deaf to my prayers :
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs ?

Unknown.

CCL.

JOB.

SLY Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience.
He took his honour, took his health ;
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, horses, oxen, cows,—
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil, *not* to take his spouse!

Samuel T. Coleridge.

CCLI.

LORD Erskine, on woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife "a tin canister tied to one's tail;"
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading? consider'd aright,
A canister's polish'd, and useful, and bright:
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

Rt. Hon. Richard B. Sheridan.

CCLII.

COLOGNE.

IN Köln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavement fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two-and-seventy stenchs,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

Samuel T. Coleridge.

CCLIII.

TO SLEEP.

COME, gentle sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
And, tho' Death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, tho' lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And without dying, O, how sweet to die!

John Wolcot.

CCLIV.

TO BEN JONSON.

AH Ben !
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts,
 Made at the *Sun*,
 The *Dog*, the *Triple-Tun* ;
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ?
 And yet each verse of thine
 Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben !
 O come again,
 Or send to us
 Thy wits' great overplus ;
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it,
 Lest we that talent spend ;
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit, the world should have no more.
Robert Herrick.

CCLV.

UNDERNEATH a myrtle shade,
 On a bank of roses laid,
 Let me drink, and let me play,
 Let me revel all the day.

Love, descending from his state,
 On my festivals shall wait ;
 Love among my slaves shall shine,
 And attend to fill me wine.

Swift as chariot-wheels we fly,
 To the minute we must die ;
 Then we moulder in an urn,
 Then we shall to dust return.

Then in vain you'll 'noint my tomb
With your oils and your perfume;
Rather let them now be mine,
Roses round my temples twine.

You who love me now I live,
Give me what you have to give;
Let Elysium be my care,
When the gods shall send me there.

John Oldmixon.

CCLVI.

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline.
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

William Oldys.

CCLVII.

THE Sages of old,
In prophecy told,
The cause of a nation's undoing;
But our new English breed
No prophecies need,
For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,
We promote civil wars,
And preach up false tenets to many;
We snarl, and we bite,
We rail, and we fight
For Religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
 That is true to his friend,
 And the Church, and the Senate would settle ;
 Who delights not in blood,
 But draws when he should,
 And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
 Nor at politick things,
 Nor treason will speak when he's mellow :
 But takes a full glass,
 To his country's success ;
 This, this is an honest, brave fellow.

Unknown.

CCLVIII.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain
 Since bounteous heaven has made him great ?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undecked with wealth or state ?
 Can splendid robes or beds of down,
 Or costly gems to deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care.

The sceptred king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty, die :
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust without distinction lie !
 Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore,—
 The wealth and glory they possessed,
 And all their honours, are no more !

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train ;
 But when its short-lived beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again ;
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls !
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
 When Jove us calls we must away.

Unknown.

CCLIX.

WITH an honest old friend and a merry old song,
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
And laugh at the malice of those who repine
That they must drink porter whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let us merrily pass life's remainder away ;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

Henry Carey.

CCLX.

CATO'S ADVICE.

WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
To mingle sweet pleasure with thirst after treasure,
Indulging at night for the toils of the day :

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser
His bags to increase, while his health does decay,
Our souls we enlighten, our fancy we brighten,
And pass the long evenings in pleasure away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,
With some tender fair the bright bumper is crown'd ;
Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.

See here's our physician,—we know no ambition,
But where there's good wine and good company found ;
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
'Tis sunshine and summer with us all the year round !

Henry Carey.

CCLXI.

GOOD OLD THINGS.

IN the days of my youth I've been frequently told,
 That the best of good things are despised when they're old,
 Yet I own, I'm so lost in the modes of this life,
 As to prize an old friend, and to love an old wife ;
 And the first of enjoyments, thro' life, has been mine,
 To regale an old friend with a flask of old wine.

In this gay world, new fashions spring up every day,
 And to make room for *them*, still the old must give way ;
 A new fav'rite at Court will an old one displace,
 And too oft an old friend will put on a new face :
 Yet the pride, pomp, and splendour of courts I'd resign,
 To regale an old friend with a flask of old wine.

With old England, by some folks, great faults have been
 found,
 Tho' they've since found much greater on New England's
 ground,
 And the thief a new region transportedly hails,
 Quitting Old England's coast for a trip to New Wales :
 But such transporting trips, pleased with home, I'd decline,
 To regale an old friend with a flask of old wine.

By the bright golden sun, that gives birth to the day,
 Tho' as old as the globe which he gilds with his ray,
 And the moon, which, tho' new, every month, as we're told,
 Is the same silver lamp near six thousand years old—
 Could the lamp of my life last while sun and moon shine,
 I'd regale an old friend with a flask of old wine.

Collins.

CCLXII.

IF all be true that I do think,
 There are five reasons we should drink ;
 Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
 Or lest we should be by and by—
 Or any other reason why.

Dr. Henry Aldrich.

CCLXIII.

*ON BREAKING A CHINA QUART-MUG BE-
LONGING TO THE SOCIETY OF LINCOLN
COLLEGE, OXFORD.*

WHENE'ER the cruel hand of death
Untimely stops a favourite's breath,
Muses in plaintive numbers tell
How loved he lived—how mourn'd he fell ;
Catullus wail'd his sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortalised his cat.
Thrice tuneful bards ! could I but chime so clever,
My quart, my honest quart, should live for ever.

How weak is all a mortal's power
T' avert the death-devoted hour !
Nor can a shape, or beauty save
From the sure conquest of the grave.
In vain the butler's choicest care,
The master's wish, the bursar's prayer !
For when life's lengthen'd to its longest span,
China itself must fall, as well as man.

Can I forget how oft my quart
Has soothed my care, and warm'd my heart ?
When barley lent its balmy aid,
And all its liquid charms display'd !
When orange and the nut-brown toast
Swam mantling round the spicy coast !
The pleasing depth I view'd with sparkling eyes,
Nor envied Jove the nectar of the skies.

The side-board, on that fatal day,
When you in glittering ruins lay,
Mourn'd at thy loss—in guggling tone
Decanters pour'd out their moan—
A dimness hung on every glass—
Joe wonder'd what the matter was—
Corks, self-contracted, freed the frantic beer,
And sympathising tankards dropt a tear.

Where are the flowery wreaths that bound
 In rosy rings thy chaplets round ?
 The azure stars whose glittering rays
 Promised a happier length of days !
 The trees that on thy border grew,
 And blossom'd with eternal blue !
 Trees, stars, and flowers are scatter'd on the floor,
 And all thy brittle beauties are no more.

Hadst thou been form'd of coarser earth,
 Had Nottingham but given thee birth !
 Or had thy variegated side
 Of Stafford's sable hue been dyed,
 Thy stately fabric had been found,
 Though tables tumbled on the ground.—
 The finest mould the soonest will decay ;
 Hear this, ye fair, for you yourselves are clay !

Unknown.

CCLXIV.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

ALL you that e'er tasted of Swatfal-Hall beer,
 Or ever cried "*roast-meat*" for having been there,
 To crown your good cheer, pray accept of a catch,
 Now Harry and Betty have struck up a match !
 Derry down, down, down, derry down !

As things may fall out which nobody would guess,
 So it happens that Harry should fall in with Bess :
 May they prove to each other a mutual relief ;
 To their plenty of carrots, I wish 'em some beef !
 Derry down, down, down, derry down !

She had a great talent at roast-meat and boil'd,
 And seldom it was that her pudding was spoil'd ;
 Renown'd, too, for dumpling, and dripping-pan sop,
 At handling a dish-clout, and twirling a mop.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down !

To kitchen-stuff only her thoughts did aspire,
 Yet wit she'd enough to keep out of the fire :
 And though in some things she was *short of the fox*,
 It is said, she had twenty good pounds in her box.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down !

Now we've told you the bride's rare descent and estate,
'Tis fit that the bridegroom's good parts we relate :
As honest a ploughman as e'er held a plough,
As trusty a carter as e'er cried, "*Gee-ho!*"

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

So lovingly he with his cattle agreed,
That seldom a lash for his whip he had need :
When a man is so gentle and kind to his horse,
His wife may expect that he'll not use her worse.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

With industry he has collected the pence,
In thirty good pounds there's a great deal of sense,
And though he suspected ne'er was of a plot,
None yet in good-humour e'er called him a sot.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

For brewing we hardly shall meet with his fellow,
His beer is well hopt, clear, substantial, and mellow :
He brew'd the good liquor, she made the good cake,
And as they have brew'd even so let them bake.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

Your shoes he can cobble, she mend your old clothes,
And both are ingenious at darning of hose :
Then since he has gotten the length of her foot,
As they make their own bed,—so pray let them go to't.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

Bid the lasses and lads to the merry brown bowl,
Whilst rashers of bacon shall smoke on the coal :
Then Roger and Bridget, and Robin and Nan,
Hit 'em each on the nose, with the hose, if ye can.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

May her wheel and his plough be so happily sped,
With the best in the parish to hold up their head :
May he load his own waggon with butter and cheese,
Whilst she rides to market with turkeys and geese.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

May he be churchwarden, and yet come to church,
Nor when in his office take on him too much :
May she meet due respect, without scolding or strife,
And live to drink tea with the minister's wife!

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

Rejoice ye good fellows that love a good bit,
 To see thus united the tap and the spit;
 For as bread is the staff of man's life, so you know
 Good drink is the switch makes it merrily go.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

Then drink to good neighbourhood, plenty, and peace,
 That our taxes may lessen, and weddings increase:
 Let the high and the low, like good subjects, agree,
 Till the courtiers, for shame, grow as honest as we.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

Let conjugal love be the pride of each swain,
 Let true-hearted maids have no cause to complain:
 To the Church pay her dues, to their Majesties honour,
 And homage and rent to the lord of the manor.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

Unknown.

CCLXV.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,
 What would you wish for more than these?
 A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
 Well shaded from the summer's heat:

A little parlour-stove, to hold
 A constant fire from winter's cold;
 Where you may sit and think, and sing,
 Far off from Court—"God bless the King!"

Safe from the harpies of the law,
 From party rage, and great man's paw;
 Have few choice friends to your own taste,—
 A wife agreeable and chaste;

An open, but yet cautious mind,
 Where guilty cares no entrance find;
 Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
 To break the Sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temperate meals,
 Few tailor's, and no doctor's bills;
 Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
 A longer or a shorter lease.

William Bedingfield.

CCLXVI.

WHEN I'm dead, on my tomb-stone I hope they will say ;
Here lies an old fellow, the foe of all care ;
With the juice of the grape he would moisten his clay,
And, wherever he went, frolic follow'd him there,
With the young he would laugh,
With the old he would quaff,
And banish afar all traces of sorrow :
Old Jerome would say—
" Though the sun sinks to-day,
It is certain to rise up as gaily to-morrow."

Tho' the snows of old age now may whiten his brow,
It never by gloom was a moment o'ercast ;
His age, like the sunset that gleams on us now,
Chased away with its brightness the clouds to the last,
With the young he would laugh,
With the old he would quaff,
And banish afar all traces of sorrow :
Old Jerome would say—
" Though the sun sinks to-day,
It is certain to rise up as gaily to-morrow."

Samuel Bearley.

CCLXVII.

THE TOPER'S APOLOGY.

I'M often ask'd by plodding souls,
And men of crafty tongue,
What joy I take in draining bowls,
And tipping all night long.
Now, tho' these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I sit till morn,
And fill my glass again :

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives
Life's picture's mellow made ;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade ;

Some happier tint still rises there
With every drop I drain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry
No frolic flight will take;
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then if the nymph will have her share,
Before she'll bless her swain—
Why that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes too,—
Run every pleasure down,—
Tried all extremes of Fancy through,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine, awhile, drives off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, hipp'd and vex'd at England's state
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd fate
My sober eye surveys;
But, 'midst the bottle's dazzling glare,
I see the gloom less plain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find too when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care;

Or, harder tax'd, I'm forced to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Nay, don't we see Love's fetters, too,
With different holds entwine?
While nought but death can some undo,
There's some give way to wine,
With me the lighter head I wear
The lighter hangs the chain—
And that I think a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine;
This cursed war, or right or wrong,
Is war against all wine;
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare
As juice of France or Spain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Captain Charles Morris.

CCLXVIII.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night:
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore.

CCLXIX.

THE SHANDON BELLS.

WITH deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Whene'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all this music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee,

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Nôtre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly ;—
O ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow
While on tower and kiosk O !
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets ;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

Frank Mahony.

CCLXX.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those that love me,
And a smile to those who hate ;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

Lord Byron.

CCLXXI.

IN his last binn Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown :
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
And in his cellar stopp'd him down.
Thro' all our land we could not boast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with three times three.

None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim;
For nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.
The meanest guest that grac'd his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when Peter pour'd,
And pas'd it round with three times three.

He kept at true good humour's mark
The social flow of pleasure's tide:
He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell:
More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song, and passing bell,
To hear no sound but three times three.

Thomas L. Peacock.

CCLXXII.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core:
Let us drink! who would not? since, thro' life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are as faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never can'st change;
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what ap-
pears,

Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no such alloy,
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last ;
There we find—do we not ?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And misery's triumph commenc'd over mirth,
Hope was left,—was she not ?—but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Lord Byron.

CCLXXIII.

THE UPAS IN MARYBONE-LANE.

A TREE grew in Java, whose pestilent rind
A venom distill'd of the deadliest kind ;
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who return'd safe, pleaded pardon by law.

Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
Advancing from windward to 'scape the death-gale ;
How few the reward of their victory earn'd,
For ninety-nine perish'd for one who return'd !

Britannia this Upas-tree bought of Mynheer,
Remov'd it thro' Holland, and planted it here ;
'Tis now a stock plant, of the genus wolf's-bane,
And one of them blossoms in Marybone-lane.

The house that surrounds it stands first in a row,
Two doors, at right angles, swing open below ;
And the children of misery daily steal in,
And the poison they draw we denominate GIN.

There enter the prude, and the reprobate boy,
The mother of grief, and the daughter of joy,
The serving-maid slim, and the serving-man stout,
They quickly steal in, and they slowly reel out.

Surcharged with the venom, some walk forth erect,
Apparently baffling its deadly effect ;
But, sooner or later, the reckoning arrives,
And ninety-nine perish for one who survives.

They cautious advance with slouch'd bonnet and hat,
They enter at this door, they go out at that ;
Some bear off their burthen with riotous glee,
But most sink, in sleep, at the foot of the tree.

Tax, Chancellor Van, the Batavian to thwart,
This compound of crime, at a guinea a quart ;
Let gin fetch, per bottle, the price of champagne,
And hew down the Upas in Marybone-lane.

James Smith.

CCLXXIV.

*LINES SUNG AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO
CHARLES KEMBLE WHEN HE RETIRED
FROM THE STAGE.*

FAREWELL ! all good wishes go with him to-day,
Rich in name, rich in fame, he has play'd out the play.
Though the sock and the buskin for aye be removed
Still he serves in the train of the drama he loved.
We now who surround him, would make some amends
For past years of enjoyment—we court him as friends.
Our chief, nobly born, genius crown'd, our zeal shares,
O, his coronet's hid by the laurel he wears.

Shall we never again see his spirit infuse
Life, life in the gay gallant forms of the Muse,
Through the lovers and heroes of Shakespeare he ran,
All the soul of a soldier, the heart of the man—
Shall we never in Cyprus his spirit retrace,
See him stroll into Angiers with indolent grace,
Or greet him in bonnet at fair Dunsinane—
Or meet him in moonlight Verona again !

Let the curtain come down. Let the scene pass away—
There's an autumn when summer has squander'd her day :
We sit by the fire when we can't by the lamp,
And re-people the banquet, re-soldier the camp.
O, nothing can rob us of memory's gold :
And though he quit the gorgeous, and we may grow old,
With our Shakespeare in hand, and bright forms in our brain,
We can dream up our Siddons and Kembles again.

J. Hamilton Reynolds.

CCLXXV.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

As I sat at the Café I said to myself,
 They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
 They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,
 But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho
 How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,
 And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor;
 Not only the pleasure itself of good living,
 But also the pleasure of now and then giving:
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
 And how one ought never to think of one's-self,
 How pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking,
 My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 How pleasant it is to have money.

LE DINER.

Come along, 'tis the time, ten or more minutes past,
 And he who came first had to wait for the last;
 The oysters ere this had been in and been out;
 While I have been sitting and thinking about
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho
 How pleasant it is to have money.

A clear soup with eggs; *voilà tout*; of the fish
 The *filets de sole* are a moderate dish
A la Orly, but you're for red mullet, you say:
 By the gods of good fare, who can question to-day
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 How pleasant it is to have money.

After oysters, Sauterne; then Sherry; Champagne,
 Ere one bottle goes, comes another again;
 Fly up, thou bold cork, to the ceiling above,
 And tell to our ears in the sound that we love
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 How pleasant it is to have money.

I've the simplest of palates ; absurd it may be,
But I almost could dine on a *poulet-au-riz*,
Fish and soup and omelette and that—but the deuce—
There were to be woodcocks, and not *Charlotte Russe*!
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

Your Chablis is acid, away with the hock,
Give me the pure juice of the purple Médoc ;
St. Peray is exquisite ; but, if you please,
Some Burgundy just before tasting the cheese.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

As for that, pass the bottle, and hang the expense—
I've seen it observed by a writer of sense,
That the labouring classes could scarce live a day,
If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay.
So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So useful it is to have money.

One ought to be grateful, I quite apprehend,
Having dinner and supper and plenty to spend,
And so suppose now, while the things go away,
By way of a grace we all stand up and say
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

PARVENANT.

I cannot but ask, in the park and the streets,
When I look at the number of persons one meets,
Whate'er in the world the poor devils can do
Whose fathers and mothers can't give them a *sous*.
So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So needful it is to have money.

I ride, and I drive, and I care not a d——n,
The people look up and they ask who I am ;
And if I should chance to run over a cad,
I can pay for the damage, if ever so bad.
So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So useful it is to have money.

It was but this winter I came up to town,
And already I'm gaining a sort of renown ;

Find my way to good houses without much ado,
 Am beginning to see the nobility too.
 So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So useful it is to have money.

O dear what a pity they ever should lose it,
 Since they are the people who know how to use it;
 So easy, so stately, such manners, such dinners;
 And yet, after all, it is we are the winners.
 So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So needful it is to have money.

It is all very well to be handsome and tall,
 Which certainly makes you look well at a ball,
 It's all very well to be clever and witty,
 But if you are poor, why it's only a pity.
 So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So needful it is to have money.

There's something undoubtedly in a fine air,
 To know how to smile and be able to stare,
 High breeding is something, but well bred or not,
 In the end the one question is, what have you got?
 So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So needful it is to have money.

And the angels in pink and the angels in blue,
 In muslins and moirés so lovely and new,
 What is it they want, and so wish you to guess,
 But if you have money, the answer is yes.
 So needful, they tell you, is money, heigh-ho!
 So needful it is to have money.

Arthur H. Clough.

CCLXXVI.

THE GOLDEN FARMER.

WHILE I'm blest with health and plenty,
 Let me live a jolly, jolly dog;
 For as blythe as five-and-twenty,
 Thro' the world I wish to jog.

As for greater folks or richer,—
While I pay both scot and lot,
And enjoy my friend and pitcher,
I've a kingdom in a cot!

Flocks and herds in fields, all nigh too,
Corn and clover, beans and pease,
And in hen yard, pond and sty too,
Pigs and poultry, ducks and geese.

While my farm thus cuts a dash too,
Poor folks daily labouring on't,
Who plough, sow, and reap, and thrash too,
I'll be thrash'd if they shall want.

He who sticks his knife in roast meat,
And for numbers has to carve,
May the churl the whipping-post meet,
If he stuffs—and lets them starve.

And when I, like Neighbour Squeezum,
Plot and scheme the poor to drain,
Or with Badger join, to fleece 'em,
Badger me for a rogue in grain.

He for that who tills and cultures,
Now may laugh, but when *Old Scratch*
Spreads his net for sharks and vultures,
What a swarm he'll have to catch!

Heaps of grain then let them hoard up;—
Heaps of wealth while they count o'er,
All the treasures I have stored up
Are the Blessings of the Poor!

Collins.

CCLXXVII.

RICH AND POOR; OR, SAINT AND SINNER.

THE poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act—
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
 In the pomp of wealth and station;
 And escape the sight
 Of the children of light,
 Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
 And cooks to dress his dinner;
 The poor who would roast
 To the baker's must post,
 And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
 And a ready butler by him;
 The poor must steer
 For his pint of beer
 Where the Saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
 Hide the concerts of the quality;
 The poor can but share
 A crack'd fiddle in the air,
 Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
 In the crowd of his gay society;
 But the poor man's delight
 Is a sore in the sight,
 And a stench in the nose of piety.

Thomas L. Peacock.

CCLXXVIII.

THE KISS.

AMONG thy fancies, tell me this,
 What is the thing we call a kiss?
 I shall resolve you what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
 Between the lips, all cherry-red,
 By Love and warm desires fed,
 And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies,
And stills the bride, too, when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies,—now here, now there,
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near,
And here, and there, and everywhere.

Has it a speaking virtue? Yes.
How speaks it, say? Do you but this,
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss;
And this Love's sweetest language is.

Has it a body? Aye, and wings,
With thousands rare encolourings;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Love honey yields, but never stings.

Robert Herrick.

CCLXXIX.

My love and I for kisses play'd;
She would keep stakes, I was content;
But when I won she would be paid,
This made me ask her what she meant;
Nay, since I see (quoth she) you wrangle in vain,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.

William Strode.

CCLXXX.

TO A KISS.

SOFT child of Love—thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious Kiss!
Why thou so suddenly art gone,
Lost in the moment thou art won?
Yet, go—for wherefore should I sigh?—
On Delia's lip, with raptured eye,
On Delia's blushing lip, I see
A thousand full as sweet as thee!

John Wolcot.

CCLXXXI.

HER LIPS.

OFTEN I have heard it said
That her lips are ruby-red.
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.

When she kiss'd me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,
And less bright were those that shone
In the palace of the Sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kiss'd by other men.

Walter S. Landor.

CCLXXXII.

ON A KISS.

PHILOSOPHERS pretend to tell,
How like a hermit in his cell,
The soul within the brain does dwell:
But I, who am not half so wise,
Think I have seen't in Chloe's eyes,
Down to her lips from thence it stole,
And there I kiss'd her very soul.

Unknown.

CCLXXXIII.

THE AUBURN LOCK.

COME, lovely lock of Julia's hair,
The gift of that bewitching fair,
Come, next my heart shalt thou be laid,
Thou precious little auburn braid!
Of Julia's charms, O sacred part,
Thou'st drank the pure stream of her heart;

Thou'st tended on my love's repose,
Thou'st kiss'd her fingers when she rose,
And, half concealing many a grace,
Giv'n added powers to that sweet face:
Oft, careless, o'er her shoulders flung,
Down her small waist redundant hung;
And oft thy wanton curls have press'd,
And dared to kiss her snow-white breast!
High favour'd lock! O, thou shalt be
The dearest gift of life to me.
Come, next my heart shalt thou be laid,
Delightful little auburn braid!
And art thou mine? and did my fair
Intrust thee to her lover's care?
What streams of bliss wilt thou impart,
Who drank the stream of Julia's heart!
O, thou shalt be the healing power
To soothe me in misfortune's hour,
And oft, beneath my pillow laid,
My soul in dreams will ask thine aid.
Thou shalt inspire with full delight
The fairest visions of the night;
For thou, intrusive lock, hast spread
And wantoned o'er my Julia's bed;
Seen the sweet languish of her eyes,
Heard all her wishes, all her sighs:
O, thou hast been divinely bless'd,
And pass'd whole nights on Julia's breast.
Come, then, dear lock of Julia's hair,
The gift of that enchanting fair.
Come, next my heart shalt thou be laid,
Delightful little auburn braid!

Unknown.

CCLXXXIV.

THE JE NE SCAI QUOI.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And yet I swear I can't tell how
The pleasing pain stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
 For there no graces revel :
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common ;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm ;
 'Twas both, perhaps, or neither ;
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of Celia altogether.

William Whitehead.

CCLXXXV.

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

SINCE truth ha' left the shepherd's tongue,
 Adieu the cheerful pipe and song ;
 Adieu the dance at closing day,
 And, ah, the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,
 And wove the garland for my hair :
 How oft for Marian stript the bower,
 To fill my lap with every flower !

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
 But from my brow the chaplet tear ;
 The crook he gave in pieces break,
 And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
 And carved on every oak my name !
 Blush, Colin, that the wounded tree
 Is all that will remember me.

John Wolcot.

CCLXXXVI.

SECRET LOVE.

I FEED a flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me :
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it,
My tongue does not betray, nor my eye show it :
No sigh, and not a tear, my pain discloses,
For they fall silently like dew on roses.

Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel :
And while I suffer thus to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me ;
While I conceal my love, no frown can fright me :
To be more happy I dare not aspire ;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Unknown.

CCLXXXVII.

ON LADY MARGARET FORDYCE.

A Fragment.

MARK'D you her cheek of roseate hue ?
Mark'd you her eye of radiant blue ?—
That eye, in liquid circles moving !
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving !
The one Love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.
Did she not speak, did she not move,
Now Pallas,—now the Queen of Love.

Rt. Hon. Richard B. Sheridan.

CCLXXXVIII.

YOU ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me ?
When we see the flowers bud, don't we look for the bloom ?
Then, sweetest ! attend while I answer to thee.

When we young men with pastimes the twilight beguile,
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy :
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
You give me a glance ; but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries, plucked in the grove,
Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had strung,
You gave me the choicest ; I hoped 'twas for love ;
And I told you my hopes while the nightingale sung.

Remember the viper :—'twas close at your feet,
How you started, and threw yourself into my arms :
Not a strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
As the lips which I kiss'd, to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the clusters of nuts for my fair,
What a blow I received from a strong-bending bough ;
Tho' Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.

And was it compassion ? by Heaven 'twas more !
A tell-tale betrays you ;—that blush on your cheek—
There come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what candour will teach you to speak.

Can you stain my fair honour with one broken vow ?
Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain ?
On truth's honest base let your tenderness grow ;
I swear to be faithful, again and again.

Robert Bloomfield.

CCLXXXIX.

WHEN Cupids leave the Virgin's face,
That long had made her smiles their home ;
And saucy wrinkles seize their place,
Tho' never once desired to come.
'Tis vain the killing art to try,
The golden moments are gone by.

When jetty locks are turned to grey,
That form'd such charms for lovers' hearts;
When eyes are dim, and scarce can see,
That beam'd such fires, and threw such darts.
'Tis vain the killing art to try,
The golden moments are gone by.

Then wedlock, girls, should share your prime,
And Love should meet you with your swain;
But should you yield your charms to time,
He gives you back but sighs again.
And tells you, with a scornful eye,
The golden moments are gone by.

John Wolcot.

CCXC.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me:
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?
I will own their colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.
Must I with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so—when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Rt. Hon. Richard B. Sheridan.

CCXCI.

THE whistling boy that holds the plough,
Lured by the tale that soldiers tell,
Resolves to part, yet knows not how
To leave the land he loves so well:
He now rejects the thought, and now
Looks o'er the lea, and sighs "Farewell!"

"Farewell!" the pensive maiden cries,
 Who dreams of London,—dreams awake,
 But, when her favourite lad she spies,
 With whom she loved her way to take,
 Then doubts within her soul arise,
 And equal hopes her bosom shake !

Thus, like the boy, and like the maid,
 I wish to go, yet tarry here ;
 Am now resolved, and now afraid :
 To minds disturb'd old views appear
 In melancholy dreams array'd,
 And, once indifferent, now are dear.
 How shall I go my fate to learn ?
 And O, how, taught, shall I return ?

George Crabbe.

CCXCII.

THE HOURS.

NE'ER were the Zephyrs known disclosing
 More sweets, than when in Tempe's shades
 They waved the lilies, where reposing
 Sat four-and-twenty lovely maids.

Those lovely maids were call'd "the Hours,"
 The charge of Virtue's flock they kept ;
 And each in turn employ'd her powers
 To guard it while her sisters slept.

False Love, how simple souls thou cheatest !
 In myrtle bower that traitor near
 Long watch'd an Hour—the softest, sweetest—
 The evening Hour, to shepherds dear.

In tones so bland he praised her beauty,
 Such melting airs his pipe could play ;
 The thoughtless Hour forgot her duty,
 And fled in Love's embrace away.

Meanwhile the fold was left unguarded ;
 The wolf broke in, the lambs were slain ;
 And now from Virtue's train discarded,
 With tears her sisters speak their pain.

Time flies, and still they weep ; for never
The fugitive can time restore ;
An Hour once fled, has fled for ever,
And all the rest shall smile no more !

Matthew G. Lewis.

CCXCIII.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

TAKE these flowers, which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there ;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

Sir Walter Scott.

CCXCIV.

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew ;
She bent her head before my kiss,
My heart was sure that hers was true.
Now I have told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart !
Hers never was the heart for you.

Walter S. Landor.

CCXCV.

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more ;
Nor hope I what I hoped before :
But let not this last wish be vain ;
Deceive, deceive me once again !

Walter S. Landor.

CCXCVI.

A RING to me Cecilia sends—
 And what to show?—that we are friends;
 That she with favour reads my lays,
 And sends a token of her praise;
 Such as the nun, with heart of snow,
 Might on her Confessor bestow;
 Or which some favourite nymph would pay,
 Upon her grandsire's natal day,
 And to his trembling hand impart
 The offering of a feeling heart.

And what shall I return the fair
 And flattering nymph?—a verse?—a prayer?—
 For were a Ring my present too,
 I see the smile that must ensue;—
 The smile that pleases tho' it stings,
 And says, "no more of giving rings:
 Remember, thirty years are gone,
 Old friend, since you presented one!"

Well! one there is, or one shall be,
 To give a ring instead of me;
 And with it sacred vows for life
 To love the fair—the angel-wife:
 In that one act may every grace,
 And every blessing have their place—
 And give to future hours the bliss,
 The charm of life, derived from this:
 And when even love no more supplies—
 When weary nature sinks to rest;—
 May brighter, steadier light arise,
 And make the parting moment blest!

George Crabbe.

CCXCVII.

TO IANTHE.

FROM you, Ianthé, little troubles pass
 Like little ripples down a sunny river;
 Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
 Cut down, and up again as blythe as ever.

Walter S. Landon.

CCXCVIII.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

OFT I've implored the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon, the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
Who lurk'st in woods unseen;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light,
Trip'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was moved,
As ancient stories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid who loved,
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell;

O, deign once more t'exert thy power,—
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice of western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love—
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease!

Nor peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;—
Beyond is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

O haste to shed the sovereign balm,—
My shatter'd nerves new string :
And for my guest serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring !

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly !
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promised joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow,
The eye shall then disown ;
The heart that melts for others' woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close ;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose.

O Fairy Elf ! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send ;
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flowery paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread !

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With Heaven's ambrosial dew :
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you !

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease ;
Half-pleased, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

Mrs. Fanny Greville.

CCXCIX.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but a dream ;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath some cool syringa's scented shade,
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the Dragon-fly
Wanders as careless and content as I.

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and meshy wing,
Who, with indifference, givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine :
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river !
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing !

Walter S. Landor.

CCC.

A FRAGMENT.

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life ! we have been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not good night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

A. L. Barbould.

CCCI.

A FRAGMENT.

Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied place
 With never-fading love!
 There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
 Involved in fragrance, burn and die.
 Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there,
 I see thy withering head reclined
 With envy and despair;
 One common fate we both must prove;
 You die with envy, I with love.

John Gay.

CCCII.

*THE WHITE ROSE.**Sent by a Yorkist Gentleman to his Lancastrian Mistress.*

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
 Placed in thy bosom bare,
 'Twill blush to find itself less white,
 And turn Lancastrian there.
 But if thy ruby lip it spy,—
 As kiss it thou mayst deign,—
 With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
 And Yorkshire turn again.

Unknown.

CCCIII.

TO — ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile.
 Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
 And move, and breathe delicious sighs!—

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast.
And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! above control,
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee!
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary!

Samuel Rogers.

CCCIV.

*TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER RECOVERY
FROM A FEVER.*

WHY need I say, Louisa dear!
How glad I am to see you here,
A lovely convalescent;
Risen from the bed of pain and fear,
And feverish heat incessant.

The sunny showers, the dappled sky,
The little birds that warble high,
Their vernal loves commencing,
Will better welcome you than I
With their sweet influencing.

Believe me, while in bed you lay,
Your danger taught us all to pray:
You made us grow devouter!
Each eye look'd up and seem'd to say,
How can we do without her?

Besides, what vex'd us worse, we knew
They had no need of such as you
In the place where you were going;
This world has angels all too few,
And Heaven is overflowing!

Samuel T. Coleridge.

CCCV.

*TO A YOUNG LADY WHO HAD BEEN RE-
PROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS IN
THE COUNTRY.*

DEAR child of nature, let them rail !—
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold ;
Where thou, a friend and wife, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave ;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

William Wordsworth.

CCCVI.

ON A TEAR.

OH ! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
In thee the rays of Virtue shine ;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age ;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

Samuel Rogers.

CCCVII.

TEARS.

MINE fall, and yet a tear of hers
Would swell, not soothe their pain ;
Ah, if she look but at these tears
They do not fall in vain.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCVIII.

TO —.

Go—you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away ;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

O, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

Samuel Rogers.

And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest.

And, O ! when we lie on our deathbed, my love,
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors.
And each to the other embracing will say,
" Farewell, let us hope we're forgiven."
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven !

Thomas Moore.

CCCXI.

*STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN
FLORENCE AND PISA.*

O, TALK not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, tho' ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled ?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled :
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary !
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory ?

O, FAME ! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee ;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee ;
When its spark led o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Lord Byron.

CCCXII.

TO-MORROW.

IN the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow ;
And, blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope to To-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade, too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade, too,
With a barn for the use of the flail :
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a man wants to borrow,
I'll envy no nabob, his riches or fame,
Or what honours may wait him To-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured, by a neighbouring hill ;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill :
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends let me share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table To-morrow.

And when I, at last, must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again ;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become Everlasting To-morrow.

— *Collins.*

CCCXIII.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

Samuel Rogers.

CCCXIV.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene, where his melody charm'd me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
 To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
 Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
 Have a being less durable even than he.

CCCXV.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
 And I said, "if there's peace to be found in the world,
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
 In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
 "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!"

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

Thomas Moore.

CCCXVI.

AH! what avails the sceptred race,
 Ah! what the form divine!
 What every virtue, every grace!
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXVII,

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ringdove builds and murmurs there;
Close to my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Samuel Rogers.

CCCXVIII.

To his young Rose an old man said,
"You will be sweet when I am dead:
Where skies are brightest we shall meet,
And there will you be yet more sweet,
Leaving your wingèd company
To waste an idle thought on me."

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXIX.

SOMETHING CHILDISH BUT VERY NATURAL.

IF I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
 I'm always with you in my sleep,
 The world is all one's own.
 But then one wakes, and where am I ?
 All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids :
 So I love to wake ere break of day :
 For tho' my sleep be gone,
 Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
 And still dreams on.

Samuel T. Coleridge.

CCCXX.

ROSES AND THORNS.

WHY do our joys depart
 For cares to seize the heart ?
 I know not. Nature says,
 Obey ; and man obeys.
 I see, and know not why
 Thorns live and roses die.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXXL

While thou wert by
 With laughing eye,
 I felt the glow and song of spring ;
 Now thou art gone
 I sit alone,
 Nor heed who smile nor hear who sing.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXXII.

THE POET'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

To Lady Throckmorton.

MARIA ! I have every good
 For thee wish'd many a time,
 Both sad, and in a cheerful mood,
 But never yet in rhyme.

To wish thee fairer is no need,
More prudent, or more sprightly,
Or more ingenious, or more freed
From temper-flaws unsightly.

What favour then not yet possess'd,
Can I for thee require,
In wedded love already bless'd
To thy whole heart's desire?

None here is happy but in part:
Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in every heart,
And doubtless one in thine.

That wish, on some fair future day,
Which Fate shall brightly gild,
'Tis blameless, be it what it may)
I wish it all fulfill'd.

William Cowper.

CCCXXIII.

THE SHORTEST DAY.

THE day of brightest dawn (day soonest flown!)
Is that when we have met and you have gone.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXXIV.

TO A FAIR MAIDEN.

FAIR maiden! when I look at thee
I wish I could be young and free;
But both at once, Ah! who could be?

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXXV.

TO A LADY.

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,
 Nor roseate cheeks nor sunny eyes,—
 Enough of lilies and of roses!
 A thousand fold more dear to me
 The look that gentle love discloses,—
 That Look which Love alone can see.

Samuel T. Coleridge.

CCCXXVI.

ONE year ago my path was green,
 My footstep light, my brow serene;
 Alas! and could it have been so
 One year ago?

There is a love that is to last
 When the hot days of youth are past:
 Such love did a sweet maid bestow
 One year ago.

I took a leaflet from her braid
 And gave it to another maid.
 Love! broken should have been thy bow
 One year ago.

Walter S. Landon.

CCCXXVII.

TO HESTER SAVORY.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place we may not well supply,
 Though we among a thousand try
 With vain endeavour.
 A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flush'd her spirit :
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call ; if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling cool ;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

Charles Lamb.

CCCXXVIII.

My Lilla gave me yestermorn
A rose, methinks in Eden born,
And as she gave it, little elf!
She blush'd like any rose herself.
Then said I, full of tenderness,
“Since this sweet rose I owe to you,
Dear girl, why may I not possess
The lovelier Rose that gave it too?”

Unknown.

CCCXXIX.

MARGARET AND DORA.

MARGARET's beauteous—Grecian arts
 Ne'er drew form completer,
 Yet why, in my heart of hearts,
 Hold I Dora's sweeter?

Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
 Pass all paintings' reach,
 Ringdove's notes are discord to
 The music of her speech.

Artists! Margaret's smile receive,
 And on canvas show it;
 But for perfect worship leave
 Dora to her poet.

Thomas Campbell.

CCCXXX.

THE ADIEU.

MORAVIANS their minstrelsy bring
 The death-bed with music to smooth;
 So you, lovely comforter, sing
 My pangs of departure to soothe!

You sing—but my silent adieu
 A sorrow still keener will prove;
 You lose but *one friend who loves you,*
How many I lose whom I love!

When we go from each pleasure refined,
 Which the sense or the soul can receive,
 With no hope in our wanderings to find
 One ray of the sunshine we leave:

An adieu should in utterance die,
 Or if written, but faintly appear;
 Only heard thro' the burst of a sigh,
 Only read thro' the blot of a tear!

Honble. William R. Spencer.

CCCXXXI.

DEAR FANNY.

"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;
She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so:"
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny,
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss fly;
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season;"
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny?
Love reasons much better than Reason.

Thomas Moore.

CCCXXXII.

TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Too late I stay'd! forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are di'mond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftmess brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

Honble. William R. Spencer.

CXCXXXIII.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

Two nymphs, both nearly of an age,
 Of numerous charms possess'd,
 A warm dispute once chanced to wage,
 Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete
 Had both alike been mild :
 But one, altho' her smile was sweet,
 Frown'd oftener than she smil'd.

And in her humour, when she frown'd,
 Would raise her voice, and roar,
 And shake with fury to the ground
 The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
 From all such frenzy clear,
 Her frowns were seldom known to last,
 And never proved severe.

To poets of renown in song
 The nymphs referred the cause,
 And, strange to tell, all judg'd it wrong,
 And gave misplac'd applause.

They gentle called, and kind and soft
 The flippant and the scold,
 And tho' she changed her mood so oft,
 That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
 Or so resolved to err—
 In short, the charms her sister had
 They lavish'd all on her.

Then thus the god, whom fondly they
 Their great inspirer call,
 Was heard, one genial summer's day,
 To reprimand them all.

"Since thus ye have combined," he said,
My fav'rite nymph to slight,
Adorning May, that peevish maid,
With June's undoubted right ;

The minx shall, for your folly's sake,
Still prove herself a shrew,
Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
And pinch your noses blue."

William Cowper.

CCCXXXIV.

LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare them ;
So, loit'ring in his lady's bower,
He lets the grey-beard wear them.
Then is Time's hour of play ;
O, how he flies, flies away !

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow ;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah ! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray ;
O, how he flies, flies away !

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs them,

That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings ;
And Time for ever wears them.
This is Time's holyday ;
O, how he flies, flies away !

Thomas Moore.

CCCXXXV.

EPITAPH UPON THE YEAR 1806.

'Tis gone, with its thorns and its roses,
With the dust of dead ages to mix ;
Time's charnel for ever encloses
The year Eighteen hundred and six !

Though many may question thy merit,
I duly thy dirge will perform,
Content, if thy heir but inherit
Thy portion of sunshine and storm !

My blame and my blessing thou sharest,
For black were thy moments in part,
But O ! thy fair days were the fairest
That ever have shone on my heart.

If thine was a gloom the completest
That death's darkest cypress could throw,
Thine, too, was a garland the sweetest
That life in full blossom could show !

One hand gave the balmy corrector
Of ills which the other had brew'd ;
One draught of thy chalice of nectar
All taste of thy bitters subdued.

'Tis gone, with its thorns and its roses !
With mine tears more precious will mix,
To hallow this midnight which closes,
The year Eighteen hundred and six.

Honble. William R. Spencer.

CCCCXXVI.

MINERVA'S THIMBLE.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining ;
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once !—now idly shining.
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays,
And laughing, says, " we'll steal it slyly."
The needle, having nought to do,
Is pleas'd to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer, closer come the two,
And off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

Thomas Moore.

CCCCXXVII.

*ON OBSERVING SOME NAMES OF LITTLE
NOTE RECORDED IN THE BIOGRAPHIA
BRITANNICA.*

OH, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot !
In vain, recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age :

These twinkling tiny lustres of the land
 Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;
 Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,
 And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,
 Has burn'd to tinder a stale last year's news,
 The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—
 There goes my lady, and there goes the squire!
 There goes the parson, oh, illustrious spark!
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk!

William Cowper.

CCCCXXXVIII.

GOOD-BYE AND HOW-D'YE-DO.

ONE day, Good-bye met How-d'ye-do,
 Too close to shun saluting,
 But soon the rival sisters flew,
 From kissing, to disputing.

"Away," says How-d'ye-do, "your mien
 Appals my cheerful nature,
 No name so sad as yours is seen
 In sorrow's nomenclature.

"Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
 Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
 Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
 Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How-d'ye-do has turned each tongue
 To Hope's delightful measure,
 Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
 The knell of parting pleasure!

"From sorrows past, my chemic skill
 Draws smiles of consolation,
 While you from present joys distil
 The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's true,
 And well your cause you've pleaded:
 But pray, who'd think of How-d'ye-do.
 Unless Good-bye preceded?"

"Without my prior influence
Could yours have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one flower dispense
But those my tears have pourish'd?

"How oft, if at the Court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'ye-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

"Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter;
If he, for ten kind How-d'ye-do's,
One kind Good-bye would barter!

"From Love and Friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance.

"'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying,
One-half in How-d'ye-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing!"

Honble. William R. Spencer.

CCCCXXXIX.

WHEN Love came first to earth, the Spring
Spread rose-beds to receive him,
And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new comer—
He revell'd in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights
 An Archer for her lover,
 And even in Winter's dark cold nights
 A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
 For this time were his reasons—
 In short, young Love's a gallant boy,
 That likes all times and seasons.

Thomas Campbell.

CCCXL.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,
 (The list of what Fate for each mortal intends)
 At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
 And slipt in three blessings—wife, children, and friends.

In vain surlly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated,
 For justice divine could not compass her ends ;
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
 For earth becomes heaven with wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
 The fund ill-secured oft in bankruptcy ends ;
 But the heart issues bills which are never protested
 When drawn on the firm of Wife, Children, and Friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning embers,
 The death-wounded tar who his colours defends,
 Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
 How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
 Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
 With transport would barter whole ages of glory
 For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
 Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends,
 The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
 The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends ;
 But dearer is the twilight of age if it borrow
 No warmth from the smiles of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of Renown ever freshen and cherish
The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends,
O'er me wave the willow ! and long may it flourish
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink—for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink—pledge me high—Love and Virtue shall flavour
The glass which I fill to wife, children, and friends.

Honble. William R. Spencer.

CCCXLI.

THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN.

WHEN I was a maid,
Nor of lovers afraid,
My mother cried, " Girl, never listen to men."
Her lectures were long,
But I thought her quite wrong,
And said I, " Mother, whom should I listen to, then?"

Now teaching, in turn,
What I never could learn,
I find, like my mother, my lessons all vain;
Men ever deceive,—
Silly maidens believe,
And still 'tis the old story over again.

So humbly they woo,
What can poor maidens do
But keep them alive when they swear they must die?
Ah ! who can forbear,
As they weep in despair,
Their crocodile tears in compassion to dry?

Yet, wedded at last,
When the honeymoon's past,
The lovers forsake us, the husbands remain;
Our vanity's check'd,
And we ne'er can expect
They will tell us the old story over again.

James Kenny.

CCCXLII.

ROSE'S BIRTHDAY.

TELL me, perverse young year!
 Why is the morn so drear?
 Is there no flower to twine?
 Away, thou churl, away!
 'Tis Rose's natal day,
 Reserve thy frowns for mine.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXLIII.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

O, NEVER talk again to me
 Of northern climes and British ladies;
 It has not been your lot to see,
 Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
 Altho' her eyes be not of blue,
 Nor fair her locks, like English lasses',
 How far its own expressive hue
 The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like from Heaven she stole
 The fire that thro' those silken lashes
 In darkest glances seems to roll,
 From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
 And as along her bosom steal
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
 You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
 And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
 And frigid even in possession;
 And if their charms be fair to view,
 Their lips are slow at Love's confession;
 But, born beneath a brighter sun,
 For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
 And who,—when fondly, fairly won—
 Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, tho' it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero;
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero;
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper;
Or joins devotion's choral band
To chant the sweet and hallow'd vesper:

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her:
Then let not maids less fair reprove,
Because her bosom is not colder;
Thro' many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

Lord Byron.

CCCXLIV.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.

Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me;
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

Thomas Moore.

CCCXLV.

THE grateful heart for all things blesses;
 Not only joy, but grief endears:
 I love you for your few caresses,
 I love you for your many tears.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXLVI.

LA PROMESSA SPOSA.

SLEEP, my sweet girl! and all the sleep
 You take away from others, keep:
 A night, no distant one, will come
 When those you took your slumbers from,

Generous—ungenerous—will confess
Their joy that you have slumber'd less,
And envy more than they condemn
The rival who avenges them.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXLVII.

O, SAY not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it ;
That Nature's form, so dear of old,
No more has power to charm it ;
Or that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness ;
Oft look on those who loved them too
With Fancy's idle gladness ;
Again I long'd to view the light
In Nature's features glowing,
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern Duty rose, and frowning flung
His leaden chain around me ;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He mutter'd as he bound me ;
“ The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven
Unfit for toil the creature ;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with Nature ? ”

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

CCCXLVIII.

SYMPATHY IN SORROW.

THE maid I love ne'er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety ;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah, then it was no longer so.

From the slant palm she raised her head,
 And kiss'd the cheek whence youth had fled.
 Angels! some future day for this,
 Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCXLIX.

TO MR. HODGSON.

From on board the Lisbon Packet.

HUZZA! Hodgson, we are going,
 Our embargo's off at last;
 Favourable breezes blowing
 Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
 From aloft the signal's streaming,
 Hark! the farewell gun is fir'd;
 Sailors swearing, women screaming,
 Tell us that our time's expir'd.
 Here's a rascal
 Come to task all,
 Prying from the Custom-house;
 Trunks unpacking,
 Cases cracking:
 Not a corner for a mouse
 'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
 Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
 And all hands must ply the oar;
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,
 We're impatient—push from shore.
 “Have a care! that case holds liquor—
 Stop the boat—I'm sick—O lord!”
 “Sick, ma'am, hang it, you'll be sicker
 Ere you've been an hour on board.”
 Thus are screaming
 Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
 Here entangling,
 All are wrangling,
 Stuck together close as wax,—

Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the Captain,
Gallant Kidd commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble—some to spew.

“Heyday! call you that a cabin?
Why 'tis hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?”

“Who, sir?—plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill.”

“Did they? Bacchus,
How you pack us!
Would to Heaven they did so still:
Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.”

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand you jolly tar, you!
Here's a rope's-end for the dogs.
Hobhouse, muttering fearful curses
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and d—s our souls.

“Here's a stanza
On Braganza—
Help!”—“A couplet?”—“No, a cup
Of warm water”—

“What's the matter?”
“Zounds, my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.”

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on—as I do now.

Laugh at all things,
 Great and small things,
 Sick or well, at sea or shore;
 While we're quaffing,
 Let's have laughing—
 Who the devil cares for more?
 Some good wine! and who would lack it,
 Even on board the Lisbon Packet?

Lord Byron.

CCCL.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.

O, what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
 'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Barney M'Leary,
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her,—and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
 A kiss then I gave her,—before I did leave her,
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortunes will never come single,—that's plain,
 For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Unknown.

CCCLI.

THE CONTRAST.

IN London I never know what I'd be at,
 Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that;
 I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
 And Life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the Country, Lord help me! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town if it rain, why it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole days?
It spoils not our prospects, or stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss, when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields;
Or go crawling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A bore may be dropt, and a quiz may be cut;
We change without end; and if lazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you're nail'd, like a pale in the park,
To some *stick* of a neighbour that's cramm'd in the ark;
And 'tis odds, if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat:
Our morning's a round of good-humour'd delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly? our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud, for Formality's sake;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in our head but a ditch or a bog.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,
All places are gay and all faces are bright;
We've ever new joys, and reviv'd by each whim,
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

But how gay in the country! what summer delight
To be waiting for winter from morning to night!
Then the fret of impatience gives exquisite glee
To relish the sweet rural subjects we see.

In town we've no use for the skies overhead,
For when the sun rises then we go to bed ;
And as to that old-fashion'd virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In the country these planets delightfully glare
Just to show us the object we want isn't there ;
O, how cheering and gay, when their beauties arise,
To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes !

But 'tis in the country alone we can find
That happy resource, that relief of the mind,
When, drove to despair, our last efforts we make,
And drag the old fish-pond, for novelty's sake :

Indeed I must own, 'tis a pleasure complete
To see ladies well draggled and wet in their feet ;
But what is all that to the transport we feel
When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an eel ?

I have heard tho', that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet :
That's to come—for as yet I, alas ! am a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please :
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, O ! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortur'd victim mopes hopeless about ;
But in London, thank Heaven ! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye ;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

In town let me live then, in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
O, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !

Captain Charles Morris.

CCCLII.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

FOR many a winter in Billiter-lane,
My wife, Mrs. Brown, was not heard to complain;
At Christmas the family met there to dine
On beef and plum-pudding, and turkey and chine.
Our bark has now taken a contrary heel,
My wife has found out that the sea is genteel.
To Brighton we duly go scampering down,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

Our register-stoves, and our crimson-baized doors,
Our weather-proof walls, and our carpeted floors,
Our casements well fitted to stem the north wind,
Our arm-chair and sofa, are all left behind.
We lodge on the Steyne, in a bow-window'd box,
That beckons up-stairs every Zephyr that knocks;
The sun hides his head, and the elements frown,—
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In Billiter-lane, at this mirth-moving time,
The lamp-lighter brought us his annual rhyme,
The tricks of Grimaldi were sure to be seen,
We carved a twelfth-cake, and we drew king and queen:
These pastimes gave oil to Time's round-about wheel,
Before we began to be growing genteel;
'Twas all very well for a cockney or clown,
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

At Brighton I'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,
Or walk upon bricks till I'm ready to drop;
Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,
Or view the Chain-pier from the top of the Cliff:
Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,
With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt,
Yet still I am suffering with folks of renown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In gallop the winds, at the full of the moon,
And puff up the carpet like Sadler's balloon;
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,
And there is not a lock in the house that will shut.

At Mahomet's steam-bath I lean on my cane,
 And murmur in secret,—“Oh, Billiter-lane!”
 But would not express what I think for a crown,
 For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

The Duke and the Earl are no cronies of mine,
 His Majesty never invites me to dine;
 The Marquis won't speak when we meet on the pier,
 Which makes me suspect that I'm *nobody* here.
 If that be the case, why then welcome again
 Twelfth-cake and snap-dragon in Billiter-lane.
 Next winter I'll prove to my dear Mrs. Brown,
 That *Nobody* now spends his Christmas in Town.

James Smith.

CCCLIII.

*LINES LEFT AT MR. THEODORE HOOK'S
 HOUSE IN JUNE, 1834.*

As Dick and I
 Were a-sailing by
 At Fulham bridge, I cock'd my eye,
 And says I, “Add-zooks!
 There's Theodore Hook's,
 Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books.

“I wonder,” says I,
 Still keeping my eye
 On the house, “if he's in—I should like to try;”
 With his oar on his knee,
 Says Dick, says he,
 “Father, suppose you land and see!”

“What land and *sea*,”
 Says I to he,
 “Together! why Dick, why how can that be?”
 And my comical son,
 Who is fond of fun,
 I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

So we rows to shore,
 And knocks at the door—
 When William, a man I've seen often before,

Makes answer and says,
" Master's gone in a chaise
Call'd a *homnibus*, drawn by a couple of bays."

So I says then,
" Just lend me a pen :"
" I will, sir," says William, politest of men ;
So having no card, these poetical brayings,
Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings.

Richard H. Barham.

CCCLIV.

MOTHER, I cannot mind my wheel ;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry :
O, if you felt the pain I feel !
But O, who ever felt as I !
No longer could I doubt him true,
All other men may use deceit ;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCLV.

JENNY KISS'D ME.

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief ! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad ;
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me ;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kiss'd me !

Leigh Hunt.

CCCLVI.

THE HONEYMOON.

SERENE and tranquil was the night,
The night that closed the summer day,
And brilliant was the moon and bright
And soft and tender was her ray.

—How like our loves, the husband cried,
 As on his arm Louisa hung;
 Louisa was but just a bride,
 And both were fond and both were young.

—This moon how like our love, my dear,
 He said, and clasp'd her round the waist,
 'Tis pure and perfect and sincere,
 Tender and true and warm and chaste.

Time flew—the youthful pair again
 Enjoyed at eve the stilly vale,
 The moon still shone, but in her wane,
 Her form less round, her face more pale.

—This too is like our love—my queen,
 For tho' less radiant and less bright,
 Yet still o'er all this sylvan scene
 She sheds a mild and pleasing light.

Louisa gently bow'd her head,
 And yet a sigh escap'd her breast,
 Perhaps the fair one would have said,
 She liked the first bright moon the best.

Unknown.

CCCLVII.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

TELL me not of joy: there's none
 Now my little sparrow's gone;

He, just as you

Would toy and woo,

He would chirp and flatter me,

He would hang the wing awhile,

Till at length he saw me smile,

Lord, how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then

Sporting let it go again,

He from my lip

Would moisture sip,

He would from my trencher feed,

Then would hop, and then would run,

And cry "Philip" when h' had done,

O whose heart can choose but bleed?

O, how eager would he fight!
And ne'er hurt tho' he did bite:
 No morn did pass
 But on my glass
 He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did: now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall,
 And then straightway sleek 'em too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now to pierce our hearts?
 A wound he may,
 Not love convey,
 Now this faithful bird is gone.
O let mournful turtles join
With loving red-breasts, and combine
 To sing dirges o'er his stone.

William Cartwright.

CCCLVIII.

*ON THE DEATH OF MATZEL, A FAVOURITE
BULLFINCH.*

TRY not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
 Or check your honest rage;
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
 Lies murder'd in his cage.

Matzel's no more! ye Graces, Loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
 Attend th' untimely bier;
Let every sorrow be express'd,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
 And drop the nat'ral tear.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who loved thy tuneful notes, shall join
 In thy funereal verse;
My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
 And hang it on thy hearse.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
 By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
 But vengeance shall have way.
 On pains and tortures I'll refine;
 Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine
 His nine will ill repay.

In vain I loved, in vain I mourn
 My bird, who never to return,
 Is fled to happier shades
 Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
 The place most charming and most fair
 Of all the Elysian glades.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
 Soothe wretched ghosts that died for love;
 There shall thy plaintive strain
 Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
 To Procris yield some short relief,
 And soften Dido's pain.

Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
 Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
 And love thee with my love;
 While each attendant's soul shall praise
 The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
 And all his songs approve.

Sir Charles H. Williams.

CCCLIX.

*ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,
 DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.*

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow;
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima, reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared:
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,

Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed; but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled.)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend!

From hence ye beauties undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold:
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

Thomas Gray.

CCCLX.

*ON A GOLDFINCH STARVED TO DEATH IN
HIS CAGE.*

TIME was when I was free as air,
 The thistle's downy seed my fare,
 My drink the morning dew ;
 I perch'd at will on every spray,
 My form genteel, my plumage gay,
 My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
 And form genteel, were all in vain,
 And of a transient date ;
 For caught, and caged, and starved to death,
 In dying sighs my little breath
 Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
 And thanks for this effectual close
 And cure of every ill !
 More cruelty could none express ;
 And I, if you had shown me less,
 Had been your prisoner still.

William Cowper,

CCCLXI.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat ;
 My shrubs displaced from that retreat
 Enjoy'd the open air ;
 Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
 Had been their mutual solace long,
 Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing,
 That flutter loose on golden wing,
 And frolic where they list ;
 Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
 But that delight they never knew,
 And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast,
Instinct is never quite suppress'd ;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight ;
But Tom was still confined ;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere,
To leave his friend behind.

For, settling on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof
That he desired no more ;
Nor would forsake his cage at last
Till gently seized I shut him fast,
A prisoner as before.

O ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout !
Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
A prison with a friend preferr'd
To liberty without.

William Cowper.

CCCLXII.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nurs'd with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regal'd,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads fail'd,
Slic'd carrot pleas'd him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he lov'd to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks,
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

William Cowper.

CCCLXIII.

10 A KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustics' closing day,
When, drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool ;
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
As bright the blazing faggot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd and crouching low,
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe, —
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
Then onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
And see !—the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap and toss and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset.

The featest tumbler, stage bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains ;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requite him oft with praises loud.
But, stopp'd awhile thy wanton play,
Applauses too thy pains repay ;
For now, beneath some urchin's hand
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,

While many a stroke of kindness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur
And loudly sings thy busy purr
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire.
Even he, whose mood of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways,
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Hath roused him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart of pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find,
That joins it still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless puss !
The magic power to charm us thus ?
Is it that in thy glaring eye
And rapid movements, we descry—
Whilst we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill,—
A lion darting on its prey,
A tiger at his ruthless play ?
Or is it that in thee we trace
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem, view'd with kindred eye,
Of tricky, restless infancy ?
Ah ! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath like thee our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.

And so, poor kit ! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chas'd roughly from the tempting board.

But yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favour'd playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoil'd thee of our love.
Still be thou deem'd by housewife fat
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savoury food,
Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dung-hill cast,
But gently borne on goodman's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid ;
And children show with glistening eyes
The place where poor old pussy lies.

Joanna Baillie.

CCCLXIV.

EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves ;
—Gone to the world where birds are blest !
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen ;
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing !

Samuel Rogers.

CCCLXV.

THE COLUBRIAD.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nail'd fast
Three kittens sat ; each kitten looked aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye ;
Not much concerned to know what they did there ;
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.

But presently a loud and furious hiss
 Caus'd me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this?"
 When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
 With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
 A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
 Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
 Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
 Who, never having seen, in field or house,
 The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
 Only projecting, with attention due,
 Her whisker'd face, she asked him, "Who are you?"
 On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
 But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe:
 With which well arm'd I hasten'd to the spot,
 To find the viper, but I found him not.
 And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
 Found only that he was not to be found.
 But still the kittens, sitting as before,
 Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
 "I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
 Has slipt between the door and the door-sill;
 And if I make despatch, and follow hard,
 No doubt but I shall find him in the yard:"
 For long ere now it should have been rehears'd,
 'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
 E'en there I found him, there the full-grown cat
 His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat;
 As curious as the kittens erst had been
 To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
 Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight,
 And fearing every moment he would bite,
 And rob our household of our only cat
 That was of age to combat with a rat;
 With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
 And taught him never to come there no more.

William Cowper.

CCCLXVI.

THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird, who by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be supposed a crow;

A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather :
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the rareeshow
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No ; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all,

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men ;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

William Cowper.

CCCLXVII.

THE WALTZ.

BEHOLD with downcast eyes and modest glance,
 In measur'd step, a well-dress'd pair advance,
 One hand on hers, the other on her hip,
 (But licens'd not to neighbouring parts to slip)!
 For thus the law's ordain'd by Baron Trip.
 'Twas in such posture our first parents mov'd,
 When hand in hand thro' Eden's bowers they rov'd,
 Ere yet the devil, with practice foul and false,
 Turn'd their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz.

Rt. Honble. Richard B. Sheridan.

CCCLXVIII.

AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—
 Alas, how time escapes!—'tis even so—
 With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
 And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
 A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
 As some grave gentleman in Terence says
 ('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days),
 Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
 Strange fluctuation of all human things!
 True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
 But distance only cannot change the heart:
 And, were I call'd to prove th' assertion true,
 One proof should serve—a reference to you.
 Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
 Though nothing have occur'd to kindle strife,
 We find the friends we fancied we had won,
 Though num'rous once, reduced to few or none?
 Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch?
 No; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.
 Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
 Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge,
 Dreading a negative, and overaw'd
 Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.

Go, fellow!—whither?—turning short about—
Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out.
'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end.—
For what?—An please you, sir, to see a friend.—
A friend! Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—
Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralise too much, and strain
To prove an evil, of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun),
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man,
No matter where, in China or Japan,
Decreed, that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.

O happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

William Cowper.

CCCLXIX.

*CATHARINA.**Addressed to Miss Stapleton.*

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream—
(So vanishes pleasure, alas!)
But has left a regret and esteem,
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last ev'ning ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delay'd
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paus'd under many a tree,
And much she was charm'd with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteem'd
The work of my fancy the more,
And e'en to myself never seem'd
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here;
For the close-woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
With a well-judging taste from above ;
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.
Th' achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
The scene of her sensible choice !
To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
To wing all her moments at home ;
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
As oft as it suits her to roam ;
She will have just the life she prefers,
With little to hope or to fear,
And ours would be pleasant as hers,
Might we view her enjoying it here.

William Cowper.

CCCLXX.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care,
For Phillis the fair,
Since nothing can move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish ;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Will soon finish his woes.

When, in rage, he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep ;
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting
 That a lover forsaken
 A new lover may get ;
 But a neck, when once broken,
 Can never be set :

And that he could die
 Whenever he would ;
 But that he could live
 But as long as he could ;
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd,
 At the thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again.

William Walsh.

CCCLXXI.

SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
 While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
 A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
 And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

“O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore !”
 “O, never was maid so deserted before !”
 “From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
 And jump in together for company !”

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,
 But here was a bramble, and there was a weed ;
 “How tiresome it is !” said the fair with a sigh ;
 So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight ;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height !
"One mournful embrace;" sobb'd the youth, "ere we die !"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O, had I but lov'd such an angel as you !"
"O, had but my swain been a quarter as true !"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I !"
Sure now they were excellent company !

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier ;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

Reginald Heber.

CCCLXXII.

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

I THINK, whatever mortals crave,
With impotent endeavour,—
A wreath, a rank, a throne, a grave,—
The world goes round for ever :
I think that life is not too long ;
And therefore I determine,
That many people read a song
Who will not read a sermon,

I think you've look'd through many hearts,
And mused on many actions,
And studied Man's component parts,
And Nature's compound fractions :
I think you've pick'd up truth by bits
From foreigner and neighbour ;
I think the world has lost its wits,
And you have lost your labour.

I think the studies of the wise,
The hero's noisy quarrel,
The majesty of Woman's eyes,
The poet's cherish'd laurel,

And all that makes us lean or fat,
And all that charms or troubles,—
This bubble is more bright than that,
But still they are all bubbles.

I think the thing you call Renown,
The unsubstantial vapour
For which the soldier burns a town,
The sonneteer a taper,
Is like the mist which, as he flies,
The horseman leaves behind him ;
He cannot mark its wreaths arise,
Or if he does they blind him.

I think one nod of Mistress Chance
Makes creditors of debtors,
And shifts the funeral for the dance,
The sceptre for the fetters :
I think that Fortune's favour'd guest
May live to gnaw the platters,
And he that wears the purple vest
May wear the rags and tatters.

I think the Tories love to buy
"Your Lordship's and "your Grace's,
By loathing common honesty,
And lauding commonplaces :
I think that some are very wise,
And some are very funny,
And some grow rich by telling lies,
And some by telling money.

I think the Whigs are wicked knaves—
(And very like the Tories)—
Who doubt that Britain rules the waves,
And ask the price of glories :
I think that many fret and fume
At what their friends are planning,
And Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham
As much as Mr. Canning.

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many faggots :

I think, while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to Town,
And rather more to Heaven.

I think that, thanks to Paget's lance,
And thanks to Chester's learning,
The hearts that burn'd for fame in France
At home are safe from burning :
I think the Pope is on his back ;
And, though 'tis fun to shake him,
I think the Devil not so black
As many people make him.

I think that Love is like a play,
Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended :
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,
Like trade, exposed to losses,
And like a Highland plaid,—all stuff,
And very full of crosses.

I think the world, though dark it be,
Has aye one rapturous pleasure
Conceal'd in life's monotony,
For those who seek the treasure ;
One planet in a starless night,
One blossom on a briar,
One friend not quite a hypocrite,
One woman not a liar !

I think poor beggars court St. Giles,
Rich beggars court St. Stephen ;
And Death looks down with nods and smiles,
And makes the odds all even :
I think some die upon the field,
And some upon the billow,
And some are laid beneath a shield,
And some beneath a willow.

I think that very few have sigh'd
When Fate at last has found them,
Though bitter foes were by their side,
And barren moss around them ;

I think that some have died of drought,
 And some have died of drinking ;
 I think that nought is worth a thought,—
 And I'm a fool for thinking!

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCCLXXIII.

A RIDDLE ON THE LETTER H.

'Twas in heaven pronounced—it was mutter'd in hell,
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;
 On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.
 'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder,
 Be seen in the light'ning, and heard in the thunder.
 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends at his birth and awaits him in death :
 Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
 In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
 But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
 It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
 With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crown'd.
 Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drown'd.
 'Twill not soften the heart ; and tho' deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
 Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
 Ah, breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

Catherine Fanshawe.

CCCLXXIV.

*CHARADE ON THE NAME OF THE POET
 CAMPBELL.*

COME from my First, ay, come ;
 The battle dawn is nigh ;
 And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
 Are calling thee to die ;

Fight, as thy father fought ;
Fall, as thy father fell :
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought ;
So, forward ! and farewell !

Toll ye my Second, toll ;
Fling high the flambeau's light ;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night ;
The helm upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed ;
Now take him to his rest !

Call ye my Whole, go, call ;
The Lord of lute and lay ;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day :
Ay, call him by his name ;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave !

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCCLXXV.

WITH PETRARCH'S SONNETS.

BEHOLD what homage to his idol paid
The tuneful suppliant of Valclusa's shade.
His verses still the tender heart engage,
They charm'd a rude, and please a polish'd age :
Some are to nature and to passion true,
And all had been so, had he lived for you.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCLXXVI.

THE MAIDEN BLUSH.

So look the mornings, when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermilion ;
So cherries blush, and Catherine pears,
And apricots, in youthful years ;

So corals look more lovely red,
 And rubies lately polished ;
 So purest diaper doth thine,
 Stained by the beams of claret wine ;
 As Julia looks, when she doth dress
 Her either cheek with bashfulness.

Robert Herrick.

CCCLXXVII,

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

SOOTH 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
 With nothing in the world to do,
 But just to blow a shepherd's reed,
 The silent seasons thro' :—
 And just to drive a flock to feed,—
 Sheep,—quiet, fond, and few!

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
 And count the bubbles, love-worlds, there ;
 To muse within some minstrel's book,
 Or watch the haunted air ;—
 To slumber in some leafy nook,—
 Or idle anywhere.

And then, a draught of nature's wine,
 A meal of summer's daintiest fruit ;
 To take the air with forms divine ;
 Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute ;
 Descending, if the night be fine,
 In a star-parachute.

Give me to live with Love alone,
 And let the world go dine and dress ;
 For Love hath lowly haunts—a stone
 Holds something meant to bless.
 If life's a flower, I choose my own—
 'Tis "Love in Idleness."

Laman Blanchard.

CCCLXXVIII.

NAMES.

I ASKED my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

“ Ah ! ” replied my gentle fair,
“ Beloved, what are names but air ?
Choose thou whatever suits the line ;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine.”

Samuel T. Coleridge.

CCCLXXIX.

DESTINY UNCERTAIN.

GRACEFULLY-shy is yon Gazelle :
And are those eyes, so clear, so mild,
Only to shine upon a wild
And be reflected in a shallow well?
Ah! who can tell?

If she grows tamer, who shall pat
Her neck? who wreathe the flowers around?
Who give the name? who pace the ground?
Pondering these things a grave old Dervish sat,
And sigh'd, Ah ! who can tell?
Walter S. Landor.

CCCLXXX.

VERSES.

WHY write *my* name 'midst songs and flowers,
To meet the eye of lady gay?
I have no voice for lady's bowers—
For page like this no fitting lay.

Yet tho' my heart no more must bound
 At witching call of sprightly joys,
 Mine is the brow that never frown'd
 On laughing lips, or sparkling eyes.

No—though behind me now is clos'd
 The youthful paradise of Love,
 Yet can I bless, with soul compos'd,
 The lingerers in that happy grove !

Take, then, fair girls, my blessing take !
 Where'er amid its charms you roam ;
 Or where, by western hill or lake,
 You brighten a serener home.

And while the youthful lover's name
 Here with the sister beauty's blends,
 Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim,
 That to their list would add a friend's !

Francis, Lord Jeffrey.

CCCLXXXI.

ALBUM VERSES.

THOU record of the votive throng,
 That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
 And pay the tribute of a song
 Where worth and loveliness combine,—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
 From clime to clime still wandering on,
 Upon thy friendly page should write
 —Who'll think of me when I am gone?

Go plough the wave, and sow the sand !
 Throw seed to ev'ry wind that blows ;
 Along the highway strew thy hand,
 And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
 On heedless hearts his feeling spends ;
 Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
 And friendless, with ten thousand friends !

Yet here, for once, I'll leave a trace,
To ask in after times a thought !
To say that here a resting-place
My wayworn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
Unmoved, thro' many a region fair ;
But at some shrine his tribute pays
To tell that he has worshipp'd there.
Washington Irving.

CCCLXXXII.

BURNHAM-BEECHES.

A BARD, dear muse, unapt to sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches.
Help me to touch the lyric string,
In praise of Burnham-beeches.

What tho' my tributary lines
Be less like Pope's than Creech's,
The theme, if not the poet, shines,
So bright are Burnham-beeches.

O'er many a dell and upland walk,
Their silvan beauty reaches,
Of Birnam-wood let Scotland talk,
While we've our Burnham-beeches.

Oft do I linger, oft return,
(Say, who my taste impeaches)
Where holly, juniper, and fern,
Spring up round Burnham-beeches.

Tho' deep embower'd their shades among,
The owl at midnight screeches,
Birds of far merrier, sweeter song,
Enliven Burnham-beeches.

If "sermons be in stones," I'll bet
Our vicar, when he preaches,
He'd find it easier far to get
A hint from Burnham-beeches.

Their glossy rind here winter stains,
Here the hot solstice bleaches.
Bow, stubborn oaks ! bow, graceful planes !
Ye match not Burnham-beeches.

Gardens may boast a tempting show
Of nectarines, grapes, and peaches,
But daintiest truffles lurk below
The boughs of Burnham-beeches.

Poets and painters, hither hie,
Here ample room for each is
With pencil and with pen to try
His hand at Burnham-beeches.

When monks, by holy Church well schooled,
Were lawyers, statesmen, leeches,
Cured souls and bodies, judged or ruled,
Then flourished Burnham-beeches,

Skirting the convent's walls of yore,
As yonder ruin teaches.
But shaven crown and cowl no more
Shall darken Burnham-beeches.

Here bards have mused, here lovers true
Have dealt in softest speeches,
While suns declined, and, parting, threw
Their gold o'er Burnham-beeches.

O ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham-beeches.

Hold ! tho' I'd fain be jingling on,
My power no further reaches—
Again that rhyme ? enough—I've done,
Farewell to Burnham-beeches.

Henry Luttrell.

CCCLXXXIII.

NETS AND CAGES.

COME, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Tho' Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like Eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.

Young Chloe bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learnt to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game:
But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
While Chloe's nets were taking
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
One little Love-cage making.
Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Chloe laugh'd at Susan's task;
But mark how things went on:
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Chloe's nets were wove,
That, tho' she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them,
Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there for ever:

Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
 Whate'er their looks or ages,
 That, tho' 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
 'Tis wiser to make Cages.
 Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
 The task your fingers ply,—
 May all who hear, like Susan, smile,
 And not, like Chloe, sigh !

Thomas Moore.

CCCLXXXIV.

*OVER A COVERED SEAT IN THE FLOWER-
 GARDEN AT HOLLAND HOUSE,*

Where the Author of the "Pleasures of Memory" was accustomed to sit, appear the following lines.

HERE Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell,
 To me, those pleasures that he sang so well.

Lord Holland.

CCCLXXXV.

*ON SAMUEL ROGERS' SEAT IN THE GARDEN
 AT HOLLAND HOUSE.*

How happily shelter'd is he who reposes
 In this haunt of the poet, o'ershadow'd with roses,
 While the sun is rejoicing, unclouded, on high,
 And summer's full majesty reigns in the sky !
 Let me in, and be seated.—I'll try if, thus placed,
 I can catch but one spark of his feeling and taste,
 Can steal a sweet note from his musical strain,
 Or a ray of his genius to kindle my brain.
 Well—now I am fairly install'd in the bower,
 How lovely the scene ! How propitious the hour !
 The breeze is perfumed by the hawthorn it stirs ;
 All is beauty around me ;—but nothing occurs,
 Not a thought, I protest, though I'm *here* and alone,
 Not a line can I hit on, that Rogers would own,
 Though my senses are ravish'd, my feelings in tune,
 And Holland's my host, and the season is June.

The trial is ended. Nor garden, nor grove,
Though poets amid them may linger or rove,
Nor a seat e'en so hallow'd as *this* can impart
The fancy and fire that must spring from the heart.
So I rose, since the Muses continue to frown,
No more of a poet than when I sat down ;
While Rogers, on whom they look kindly, can strike
Their lyre, at all times, in all places, alike.

Henry Luttrell.

CCCLXXXVI.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

YEARS—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty ;—
Years—years ago,—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball :
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing ;
She was our queen, our rose, our star ;
And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing !

Dark was her hair, her hand was white ;
Her voice was exquisitely tender ;
Her eyes were full of liquid light ;
I never saw a waist so slender !
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows ;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd,—of politics or prayers,—
Or Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
Of dangles—or of dancing bears,
Of battles—or the last new bonnets,

By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me it matter'd not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmur'd Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal:
My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frown'd; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the Stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touch'd the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;

Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored ;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted ;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted ;
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd ;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolish'd.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it ;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh !
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves ;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And “ Fly not yet ”—upon the river ;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted ; months and years roll'd by ;
We met again four summers after :
Our parting was all sob and sigh ;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter :
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers !

Winthrop M. Præd.

CCCLXXXVII.

LOVE AND AGE.

I PLAY'D with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four ;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Thro' groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wander'd hand in hand together ;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong ;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along ;
And I did love you very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show ;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly ;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow ;
O, then, I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another :
No cause she gave me to repine ;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row :
My joy in them was past expression ;—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze ;
My earthly lot was far more homely ;
But I too had my festal days.

No merrier eyes have ever glisten'd
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christen'd :—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time past. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire grey ;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flower'd meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure,—
And that is not ten years ago.

But tho' first love's impassion'd blindness
Has pass'd away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

Thomas L. Peacock.

CCCLXXXVIII.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden,—the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent ;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"O never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
"An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim :—
But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."
So the bargain was struck : with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove :
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

Thomas Moore.

CCCLXXXIX.

TO —.

Composed at Rotterdam.

I GAZE upon a city,—
A city new and strange,—
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;
And can *you* be in England,
And *I* at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam,
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learn'd near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue
The Genius of the place;

And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam;
Who tells me you're in England
But I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open—
I mingle in its crowd,—
The dominos are noisy—
The hookahs raise a cloud;
The flavour, none of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper—
The toast it shall be mine,
In schiedam, or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine;
It well deserves the brightest,
Where sunbeam ever swam—
"The Girl I love in England"
I drink at Rotterdam!

Thomas Hood.

CCCXC.

THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.
Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—
"Our master knows you—you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
 Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;
 The lady laid her knitting down,
 Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow ;
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
 Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
 He found a stable for his steed,
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
 And warm'd himself in Court or College,
 He had not gain'd an honest friend
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
 If he departed as he came,
 With no new light on love or liquor,—
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
 And not the Vicarage, or the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses :
 It slipt from politics to puns,
 It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses ;
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
 Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;
 And when, by dint of page and line,
 He 'stablish'd Truth, or startled Error,
 The Baptist found him far too deep ;
 The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow ;
 And the lean Levite went to sleep,
 And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or show'd
 That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
 Without refreshment on the road
 From Jerome, or from Athanasius :
 And sure a righteous zeal inspired
 The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them,
 For all who understood admired,
 And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
 Small treatises, and smaller verses,
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
 And hints to noble Lords—and nurses;
 True histories of last year's ghost,
 Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
 And trifles for the Morning Post,
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
 Although he had a knack of joking;
 He did not make himself a bear,
 Although he had a taste for smoking;
 And when religious sects ran mad,
 He held, in spite of all his learning,
 That if a man's belief is bad,
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
 In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,
 And share the widow's homelier pottage:
 At his approach complaint grew mild;
 And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
 The clammy lips of fever smiled
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
 Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
 From him I learnt the rule of three,
 Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*:
 I used to singe his powder'd wig,
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,
 And make the puppy dance a jig,
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,
 The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled:
 The church is larger than before;
 You reach it by a carriage entry;
 It holds three hundred people more,
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
 Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
 Where is the old man laid?—look down,
 And construe on the slab before you,
 “*Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,*
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.”

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCCXCI.

*FROM THE HON. HENRY — TO LADY
 EMMA —.*

PARIS, MARCH 30, 1832.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,
 How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell ;
 And the truth is, — as truth you *will* have, my sweet railer, —
 There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
 To take leave of at starting, — my mistress and tailor, —
 As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both :
 The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,
 She calling on Heaven, and he on th' attorney, —
 Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,
 A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey.

But, to come to the point, — tho' you think, I daresay,
 That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me away,
 'Pon honour you're wrong : — such a mere bagatelle
 As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears :
 And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell-mell,
 To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers ;
 This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
 Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of,
 This coinage of *nobles*, — coin'd, all of them, badly,
 And sure to bring Counts to a discount most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
 As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation ;
 No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
 And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction, —
 Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,
 Two legs and a coronet all they consist of !

The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George Rose
 (My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
 That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,
 'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to do;
 And Sir George even doubts,—could he choose his disorder,—
 'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,
 'Twere best to fight shy of so curst a dilemma;
 And tho' I confess myself somewhat a villain
 To 've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
 Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from Milan
 I'll send you—some news of Bellini's last trio.

N.B.—Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
 Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without—
 Viz., a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,
 Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might chap.
 Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles
 The creatures abroad as your golden-eyed needles.
 A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd,
 To think one knows Latin, when—one, perhaps, doesn't.
 With some little book about heathen mythology,
 Just large enough to refresh one's theology;
 Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
 Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras.
 Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
 And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

Thomas Moore.

CCCXCII.

A LETTER OF ADVICE,

From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta
Vavasour, in London.

You tell me you're promised a lover,
 My own Araminta, next week;
 Why cannot my fancy discover
 The hue of his coat and his cheek?
 Alas! if he look like another,
 A vicar, a banker, a beau,
 Be deaf to your father and mother,
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
 Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
 And we loved one another with passion,
 Before we had been there a week :
 You gave me a ring for a token ;
 I wear it wherever I go ;
 I gave you a chain,—is it broken ?
 My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

O think of our favourite cottage,
 And think of our dear Lalla Rookh !
 How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
 And drank of the stream from the brook ;
 How fondly our loving lips falter'd
 “ What further can grandeur bestow ? ”
 My heart is the same ;—is yours alter'd ?
 My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

Remember the thrilling romances
 We read on the bank in the glen ;
 Remember the suitors our fancies
 Would picture for both of us then.
 They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
 They had vanquish'd and pardon'd their foe—
 Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder ?
 My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
 Drove off with your cousin Justine,
 You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
 And whisper'd “ How base she has been ! ”
 You said you were sure it would kill you,
 If ever your husband look'd so ;
 And you will not apostatize,—will you ?
 My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
 I thought I was going to die ;
 We walk'd arm in arm to the road, love,
 We look'd arm in arm to the sky ;
 And I said “ When a foreign postillion
 Has hurried me off to the Po,
 Forget not Medora Trevilian :
 My own Araminta, say ‘ No ! ’ ”

We parted ! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill ;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still ;
And he who would share it with me, love,—
The richest of treasures below,—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself " Thompson " or " Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damp or the vapours
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical " Oh ! "
If he does not call Werther delicious,—
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

If he ever sets foot in the City
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,—
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,—
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

He must walk—like a god of old story
 Come down from the home of his rest;
 He must smile—like the sun in his glory
 On the buds he loves ever the best;
 And oh! from its ivory portal
 Like music his soft speech must flow!—
 If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
 My own Araminta, say “No!”

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
 Don't hear what they say of his birth,
 Don't look at his seat in the county,
 Don't calculate what he is worth;
 But give him a theme to write verse on,
 And see if he turns out his toe;
 If he's only an excellent person,—
 My own Araminta, say “No!”

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCCXCIII.

THE POPLAR.

AY, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
 On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—
 We carved *her* initials; though not very lately,
 We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaim'd Georgiana;
 Our heart's empress then; see, 'tis grown all askew;
 And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
 Conviction it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D, too, that once stood for Dobbin,
 Her loved patronymic—Ah! can it be so?
 Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been robbing:
 A D? we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O!

Alas! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
 That thus on our labours stern Chronos should frown;
 Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,
 And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down!

Richard H. Barham.

CCCXCIV.

OUR BALL.

YOU'LL come to our Ball ;—since we parted,
I've thought of you more than I'll say ;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echo'd the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since it's over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall ;
I know you're a terrible rover ;
But Clarence, you'll come to our Ball !

It's only a year, since, at College,
You put on your cap and your gown ;
But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown :
The voice that was best when it falter'd
Is fuller and firmer in tone,
And the smile that should never have alter'd—
Dear Clarence—it is not your own :
Your cravat is badly selected ;
Your coat don't become you at all ;
And why is your hair so neglected ?
You must have it curl'd for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with pup ;
I've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up :
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
I've ridden the filly you broke ;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favourite oak :
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl ;
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanish'd ;
 We've set up a National School ;
 And waltzing is utterly banish'd,
 And Ellen has married a fool ;
 The Major is going to travel,
 Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout,
 The walk is laid down with fresh gravel,
 Papa is laid up with the gout ;
 And Jane has gone on with her easels,
 And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul ;
 And Fanny is sick with the measles,—
 And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties ; the Lily,
 And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
 And Lucy, who made me so silly
 At Dawlish, by taking your arm ;
 Miss Manners, who always abused you
 For talking so much about Hock,
 And her sister, who often amused you
 By raving of rebels and Rock ;
 And something which surely would answer,
 An heiress quite fresh from Bengal ;
 So, though you were seldom a dancer,
 You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the World ! from the flowers
 It shuts out the sunshine of truth :
 It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
 It makes an old age of our youth ;
 And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
 Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
 Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
 Grows harder by sudden degrees :
 Time treads o'er the graves of affection ;
 Sweet honey is turn'd into gall ;
 Perhaps you have no recollection
 That ever you danced at our Ball !

You once could be pleased with our ballads,—
 To-day you have critical ears ;
 You once could be charm'd with our salads—
 Alas ! you've been dining with Peers ;
 You trifled and flirted with many,—
 You've forgotten the when and the how ;

There was one you liked better than any,—
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song :
They tell me—and what does it matter ?—
You like to be praised by the throng :
They tell me you're shadow'd with laurel :
They tell me you're loved by a Blue :
They tell me you're sadly immoral—
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true !
But to me, you are still what I found you,
Before you grew clever and tall ;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you ;
And you'll come—won't you come ?—to our Ball !

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCCXCV.

BECAUSE.

SWEET Nea !—for your lovely sake
I weave these rambling numbers,
Because I've lain an hour awake,
And can't compose my slumbers ;
Because your beauty's gentle light
Is round my pillow beaming,
And flings, I know not why, to-night,
Some witchery o'er my dreaming !

Because we've pass'd some joyous days,
And danced some merry dances ;
Because we love old Beaumont's plays,
And old Froissart's romances !
Because whene'er I hear your words
Some pleasant feeling lingers ;
Because I think your heart has cords
That vibrate to your fingers !

Because you've got those long, soft curls,
 I've sworn should deck my goddess;
 Because you're not, like other girls,
 All bustle, blush, and boddice!
 Because your eyes are deep and blue,
 Your fingers long and rosy;
 Because a little child and you
 Would make one's home so cozy!

Because your little tiny nose
 Turns up so pert and funny;
 Because I know you choose your beaux
 More for their mirth than money;
 Because I think you'd rather twirl
 A waltz, with me to guide you,
 Than talk small nonsense with an earl,
 And a coronet beside you!

Because you don't object to walk,
 And are not given to fainting;
 Because you have not learnt to talk
 Of flowers, and Poonah-painting;
 Because I think you'd scarce refuse
 To sew one on a button;
 Because I know you'd sometimes choose
 To dine on simple mutton!

Because I think I'm just so weak
 As, some of those fine morrows,
 To ask you if you'll let me speak
My story—and *my* sorrows;
 Because the rest's a simple thing,
 A matter quickly over,
 A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—
 And a chaise and four to Dover.

Edward Fitzgerald.

CCCXCVI.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
 Went on a party of pleasure one day:
 Folly play'd
 Around the maid,

The bells of his cap rang merrily out ;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book—
O! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!"—
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself,
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—

"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,)
"Under the sun
There's no such fun,
As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before:

While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Tho' not aloud)

She liked him still better in that than his own,
Yes,—liked him still better in that than his own.

Thomas Moore.

CCCXCVII.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers:

Happy—he knew not whence or how,—
And smiling,—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
Was the blue heaven that beam'd above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
But Time so swiftly wing'd his flight,
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watch'd his paper kite,
And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute;
But Childhood's glance of purity
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepp'd a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crown'd, Night's awful daughter,
And proffer'd him a fearful cup
Full to the brim of bitter water:
Poor Childhood bade her tell her name;
And when the beldame mutter'd—"Sorrow,"
He said,—“Don't interrupt my game;
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow.”

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
And woo'd him with the softest numbers
That ever scatter'd wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And “Oh,” he cried, “do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle!”

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever.

She talk'd of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on! Oh! Manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherish'd love, or hoarded treasure:
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remember'd Heaven!

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCCXCVIII.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet;
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!
I'd never languish for wealth, or for power;
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

O could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary;
Power, alas! nought but misery brings!
I'd be a Butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings!

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day!
Surely 't is better when summer is over
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a Butterfly; living, a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away!

Thomas H. Bayly.

CCCXCIX.

CHILDREN PLAYING IN A CHURCHYARD.

CHILDREN, keep up that harmless play,
Your kindred angels plainly say,
By God's authority, ye may.

Be prompt His holy word to hear,
It teaches you to banish fear;
The lesson lies on all sides near.

Ten summers hence the sprightliest lad
In Nature's face will look more sad,
And ask, where are those smiles she had.

Ere many days the last will close,
Play on, play on; for then (who knows ?)
Ye who play here may here repose.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCC.

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

LAUGH on, fair Cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair:
And every month is May:
You've not been introduced to Care,—
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice whose every word is song
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away:
To-morrow you'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

Oh yes, if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way,
At least he'll run with you a league;—
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be:
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

O'er me have many winters crept
With less of grief than joy;
But I have learn'd, and toil'd, and wept;
I am no more a boy!
I've never had the gout, 'tis true;
My hair is hardly grey;
But now I cannot laugh like you:
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow;
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave!
Don't interrupt your play;
And though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCCCI.

THE EFFECTS OF AGE.

YES; I write verses now and then,
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,
No longer talk'd of by young men
As rather clever;

In the last quarter are my eyes,
You see it by their form and size :
Is it not time then to be wise ?
Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve !
While Time allows the short reprieve,
Just look at me ! would you believe
'Twas once a lover ?

I cannot clear the five-bar gate,
But, trying first its timbers' state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait
To trundle over.

Thro' gallopade I cannot swing
The entangling blooms of Beauty's spring :
I cannot say the tender thing,
Be it true or false,

And am beginning to opine
Those girls are only half-divine
Whose waists you wicked boys entwine
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,
I wish them wiser, graver, older,
Sedater, and no harm if colder,
And panting less.

Ah, people were not half so wild
In former days, when, starchily mild,
Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled
The brave Queen Bess.
Walter S. Landor.

CCCCII.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS.

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics :
I wonder'd what they meant by stock ;
I wrote delightful sapphics :

I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp'd with Fates and Furies,—
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago !—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whisper'd syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures !
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces !

Kind Mater smiles again to me,
As bright as when we parted ;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Stout-limb'd, and simple-hearted !
Pursuing every idle dream,
And shunning every warning ;
With no hard work but Bovney stream,
No chill except Long Morning :

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
That rattled like a rocket ;
Now hearing Wentworth's " Fourteen all !"
And striking for the pocket ;
Now feasting on a cheese and flitch,—
Now drinking from the pewter ;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends ? I am alone ;
No playmate shares my beaker :
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some—before the Speaker ;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo ;
And some draw sword for Liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
Without the fear of sessions ;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities,
As much as false professions ;

Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic ;
And Medlar's feet repose unscann'd
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a Beauty ;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant, and not his Manton ;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now ;—
The world's cold chains have bound me ;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me :
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles ;
And lay my head in Jermyn Street,
And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hoby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remember'd hobby ;
I long to lounge in Poets' Walk,
To shiver in the lobby ;
I wish that I could run away
From House, and Court, and Levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day
Just Eton boys grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun
And dance o'er childhood's roses,
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses,

And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Houris,—
That I could be a boy again,—
A happy boy,—at Drury's.

Winthrop M. Praed.

CCCCIII.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM
ACADEMY.

AH me ! those old familiar bounds !
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls !
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls ?

Ay, that's the very house ! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row !
Its chimneys in the rear !
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer !

There I was birch'd ! there I was bred !
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree !
The weary tasks I used to con !—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon !—
Most fruitless leaves to me !—

The summon'd class !—the awful bow !—
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds !
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads !

And Mrs. S * * * ?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—bohea ?

Ay, there's the playground! there's the lime,
 Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
 So wildly I have read!—
 Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
 Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
 Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
 Who models tiny heads in chalk?
 Who scoops the light canoe?
 What early genius buds apace?
 Where's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
 Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they're gone—a thousand ways!
 And some are serving in "the Greys,"
 And some have perish'd young!—
 Jack Harris weds his second wife;
 Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life;
 And blithe Carew—is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
 To savages at Owhyee;
 Poor Chase is with the worms!—
 All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
 New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
 "And push us from our *forms*!"

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
 And leap, and skip, and mob about,
 At play where we have play'd!
 Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
 Their crony arms; some in the shine,—
 And some are in the shade!

Lo there what mix'd conditions run!
 The orphan lad; the widow's son;
 And Fortune's favour'd care—
 The wealthy-born, for whom she hath
 Mac-Adamised the future path—
 The Nabob's pamper'd heir!

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
 For honour some, and some for scorn,—
 For fair or foul renown!

Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack!
Look, here's a White, and there's a Black!
And there's a Creole brown!

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* 'frugal sires would keep
Their only sons at home;—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! There's one at hoop;
And four at *fives*! and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed!
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
Would I were in his *stead*!

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
Whilst thou canst be a horse at school,
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?
That manhood's mirth?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when —— *plays*,
And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave!—thy tops are rare!—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight!—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
 Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
 Like balls with no rebound !
 And often with a faded eye
 We look behind, and send a sigh
 Towards that merry ground !

Then be contented. Thou hast got
 The most of heaven in thy young lot ;
 There's sky-blue in thy cup !
 Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
 Soon come, soon gone ! and Age at last
 A sorry breaking-up !

Thomas Hood.

CCCCIV.

LORD HARRY has written a novel,
 A story of elegant life ;
 No stuff about love in a hovel,
 No sketch of a commoner's wife :
 No trash, such as pathos and passion,
 Fine feelings, expression and wit ;
 But all about people of fashion,
 Come look at his caps—how they fit !

O, Radcliffe! thou once wert the charmer
 Of girls who sat reading all night ;
 Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
 Thy heroines damsels in white.
 But past are thy terrible touches,
 Our lips in derision we curl,
 Unless we are told how a Duchess,
 Conversed with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full
 Of titles—"I give you my word,
 My lady, you're looking delightful."
 "O, dear, do you think so, my lord !"
 "You've heard of the marquis's marriage,
 The bride with her jewels new set,
 Four horses, new travelling carriage,
 And *déjeuner à la fourchette*."

Haut Ton finds her privacy broken,
We trace all her ins and her outs;
The very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs,
At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the innkeeper's wife,
And reads till she dreams she is one of
The leaders of elegant life.

Thomas H. Bayly.

CCCCV.

TO MINERVA.

From the Greek.

MY temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—
So Thyrsis, take the midnight oil,
And pour it on a lobster salad.
My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read,—
Then Pallas take away thine Owl,
And let us have a Lark instead.

Thomas Hood.

CCCCVI.

A LOVE SONG.

In the Modern Taste. 1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
 Fair Discretion, string the lyre !
 Soothe my ever-waking slumbers ;
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors
 Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping ;
 Melody resigns to fate.

Jonathan Swift.

CCCCVII.

THE FLOWER.

ALONE, across a foreign plain,
 The Exile slowly wanders,
 And on his Isle beyond the main
 With sadden'd spirit ponders :

This lovely Isle beyond the sea,
 With all its household treasures ;
 Its cottage homes, its merry birds,
 And all its rural pleasures :

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,
 Its moors, and purple heather ;
 Its verdant fields bedeck'd with stars
 His childhood loved to gather :

When lo! he starts, with glad surprise,
Home-joys come rushing o'er him,
For "modest, wee, and crimson-tipp'd,"
He spies the flower before him!

With eager haste he stoops him down,
His eyes with moisture hazy,
And as he plucks the simple bloom,
He murmurs, "Lawk-a-daisy!"

Thomas Hood.

CCCCVIII.

TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

WHY flyest thou away with fear?
Trust me there's nought of danger near,
I have no wicked hooke
All cover'd with a snaring bait,
Alas, to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood,
For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish;
And when an angler for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall *in*!

Dr. John Wolcot.

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God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall in!

Dr. John Wolcot.

CCCCIX.

SONG BY ROGERO.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me in the U-
 -niversity of Gottingen—
 -niversity of Gottingen.

*(Weeps, and pulls out a blue 'kerchief, with which he
 wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.)*

Sweet 'kerchief check'd with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in,
 Alas, Matilda then was true,
 At least I thought so at the U-
 -niversity of Gottingen—
 -niversity of Gottingen.

*(At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains
 in cadence.)*

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift ye flew,
 Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
 Ye bore Matilda from my view;
 Forlorn I languish'd at the U-
 -niversity of Gottingen—
 -niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
 This blood my veins is clotting in,
 My years are many—they were few
 When first I enter'd at the U-
 -niversity of Gottingen—
 -niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew
 Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
 Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
 -tor, Law Professor at the U-
 -niversity of Gottingen—
 -niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in;
 Here doom'd to starve on water-gru-
 -el, never shall I see the U-
 -niversity of Gottingen—
 -niversity of Gottingen!

*(During the last stanza Rogero dashes his head re-
 peatedly against the walls of his prison; and,
 finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion.
 He then throws himself on the floor in an agony.
 The curtain drops—the music still continuing to
 play till it is wholly fallen.)*

Anti-Jacobin.

CCCCX.

THE BURNING OF THE LOVE LETTER.

No morning ever seem'd so long!—
 I tried to read with all my might!
 In my left hand "My Landlord's Tales,"
 And threepence ready in my right.

'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat high!—
 The Postman rattled at the door!—
 And just upon her road to church,
 I dropt the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

I seized the note—I flew up stairs—
 Flung-to the door, and lock'd me in—
 With panting haste I tore the seal—
 And kiss'd the B in Benjamin!

'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
 And all that tender sort of thing—
 Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—
 But not a word about a ring!—

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
 And stood to watch the latest spark—
 And saw the love all end in smoke—
 Without a Parson and a Clerk!

Thomas Hood.

CCCCXI.

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

FAREWELL, farewell to my mother's own daughter,
 The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave!
 The Mussel-man coming to fish in this water,
 Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
 This greyish Bath cloak is her funeral pall,
 And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
 Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell to the child of Al Hassan,
 My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
 She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
 And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

Thomas Hood.

CCCCXII.

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
 So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat*:
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
 Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
 For the moment will come when such comers must go.
 So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
 "The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

Thomas Hood.

CCCCXIII.

IF the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Samuel Johnson.

CCCCXIV.

*REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE, NOT TO
BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.*

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
 That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!

William Cowper.

CCCCXV.

THE LAY OF THE LEVITE.

THERE is a sound that's dear to me,
 It haunts me in my sleep;
 I wake, and, if I hear it not,
 I cannot choose but weep.
 Above the roaring of the wind,
 Above the river's flow,
 Methinks I hear the mystic cry
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

The exile's song, it thrills among
 The dwellings of the free,
 Its sound is strange to English ears,
 But 'tis not strange to me;
 For it hath shook the tented field
 In ages long ago,
 And hosts have quail'd before the cry
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

O, lose it not! forsake it not!
 And let no time efface
 The memory of that solemn sound,
 The watchword of our race;
 For not by dark and eagle eye,
 The Hebrew shalt thou know,
 So well as by the plaintive cry
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

Even now, perchance, by Jordan's banks,
 Or Sidon's sunny walls,
 Where, dial-like, to portion time,
 The palm-tree's shadow falls,

The pilgrims, wending on their way,
Will linger as they go,
And listen to the distant cry
Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

William E. Aytoun.

CCCCXVI.

SONG.

My mother bids me spend my smiles
On all who come and call me fair,
As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles,
To all the sparrows of the air.

But I've a darling of my own
For whom I hoard my little stock—
What if I chirp him all alone,
And leave mamma to feed the flock!

Thomas Hood.

CCCCXVII.

AN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

THERE is a river clear and fair,
'Tis neither broad nor narrow;
It winds a little here and there—
It winds about like any hare;
And then it takes as straight a course
As on the turnpike road a horse,
Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore,
Have grown a hundred years or more;
So long there is no knowing.
Old Daniel Dobson does not know
When first these trees began to grow;
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,
As if they'd nothing else to do,
But ever to be growing.

The impulses of air and sky
Have rear'd their stately heads so high,
And clothed their boughs with green;

Their leaves the dews of evening quaff,—
 And when the wind blows loud and keen,
 I've seen the jolly timbers laugh,
 And shake their sides with merry glee —
 Wagging their heads in mockery.

Fix'd are their feet in solid earth,]
 Where winds can never blow ;
 But visitings of deeper birth
 Have reach'd their roots below.
 For they have gain'd the river's brink,
 And of the living waters drink.

There's little Will, a five years child —
 He is my youngest boy ;
 To look on eyes so fair and wild,
 It is a very joy :—
 He hath conversed with sun and shower,
 And dwelt with every idle flower,
 As fresh and gay as them.
 He loiters with the briar rose, —
 The blue-belles are his play-fellows,
 That dance upon their slender stem.

And I have said, my little Will,
 Why should not he continue still
 A thing of Nature's rearing ?
 A thing beyond the world's control—
 A living vegetable soul,—
 No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see
 That child become a Willow-tree,
 His brother trees among.
 He'd be four times as tall as me,
 And live three times as long.

Catherine M. Fanshawe.

CCCCXVIII.

THE BROKEN DISH.

WHAT's life but full of care and doubt,
 With all its fine humanities,
 With parasols we walk about,
 Long pigtales and such vanities.

We plant pomegranate trees and things,
And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacock's wings,
To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,
And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses painted blue,—
But life's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,
Blue bridges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese,
They'd both be smash'd to shivers.

Thomas Hood.

CCCCXIX.

*ELEGY ON THE ABROGATION OF THE BIRTH-
NIGHT BALL, AND THE CONSEQUENT
FINAL SUBVERSION OF THE MINUET.*

By a beau of the last century.

Now cease the exulting strain,
And bid the warbling lyre complain;
Heave the soft sigh, and drop the tuneful tear,
And mingle notes far other than of mirth,
E'en with the song that greets the new-born year,
Or hails the day that gave a monarch birth.
That self-same sun whose chariot wheels have roll'd
Thro' many a circling year, with glorious toil,
Up to the axles in refulgent gold,
And gems, and silk, and crape, and flowers, and foil;
That self-same sun no longer dares
Bequeath his honours to his heirs,
And bid the dancing hours supply
As erst, with kindred pomp, his absence from the sky.

For ever at his lordly call
Uprose the spangled night!
Leading, in gorgeous splendour bright,
The minuet and the Ball.
And balls each frolic hour may bring,
That revels through the maddening spring,

Shaking with hurried steps the painted floor :
But Minuets are no more !

No more the well-taught feet shall tread
The figure of the mazy Zed :
The beau of other times shall mourn,
As gone, and never to return,
The graceful bow, the curtsy low,
The floating forms, that undulating glide,
(Like anchor'd vessels on the swelling tide,)
That rise and sink, alternate, as they go,
Now bent the knee, now lifted on the toe,
The side-long step that works its even way,
The slow *pas-grave*, and slower *balancé*—
Still with fixed gaze he eyes the imagined fair,
And turns the corner with an easy air.
Not so his partnèr—from her tangled train
To free her captive foot, she strives in vain ;
Her tangled train, the struggling captive holds
(Like great Alcides) in its fatal folds ;
The laws of gallantry his aid demand,
The laws of etiquette withhold his hand.
Such pains, such pleasures, now alike are o'er,
And beau and etiquette shall soon exist no more !

In their stead, behold advancing,
Modern men and women dancing !
Step and dress alike express,
Above, below, from head to toe,
Male and female awkwardness.
Without a hoop, without a ruffle,
One eternal jig and shuffle ;
Where's the air, and where's the gait ?
Where's the feather in the hat ?
Where's the frizzed toupee ? and where,
O, where's the powder for the hair ?
Where are all their former graces ?
And where three-quarters of their faces ?
With half the forehead lost and half the chin ?
We know not where they end, or where begin

Mark the pair, whom favouring fortune
At the envy'd top shall place,
Humbly they the rest impòrtune
To vouchsafe a little space.

Not the graceful arm to wave in,
Or the silken robe expand;
All superfluous action saving,
Idly drops the lifeless hand.

Her downcast eye the modest beauty
Sends, as doubtful of their skill,
To see if feet perform their duty,
And their endless task fulfil:
Footing, footing, footing, footing,
Footing, footing, footing, still.

While the rest in hedgerow state,
All insensible to sound,
With more than human patience wait,
Like trees fast rooted to the ground.

Not such as once, with sprightly motion,
To distant music stirred their stumps,
And tript from Pelion to the Ocean,
Performing avenues and clumps:
What time old Jason's ship, the Argo,
Orpheus fiddling at the helm,
From Colchis bore her golden cargo,
Dancing o'er the azure main.
But why recur to ancient story,
Or balls of modern date?
Be mine to trace the Minuet's fate,
And weep its fallen glory:
To ask, Who rang the parting knell?
If Vestris came the solemn dirge to hear?
Genius of Valotiy, didst thou hover near?
Shade of Lepicq! and spirit of Gardel!

I saw their angry forms arise
Where wreaths of smoke involve the skies
Above St. James's steeple:
I heard them curse our heavy heel,
The Irish step, the Highland reel,
And all the United People.
To the dense air the curse adhesive clung,
Repeated since by many a modish tongue,
In words that may be said, but never shall be sung.

What cause untimely urged the Minuet's fate ?
 Did war subvert the manners of the State ?
 Did savage nations give the barbarous law,
 The Gaul Cisalpine, or the Gonoquaw ?
 Its fall was destined to a peaceful land,
 A sportive pencil, and a courtly hand ;
 They left a name, that time itself might spare,
 To grinding organs and the dancing bear.
 On Avon's banks, where sport and laugh
 Careless pleasure's sons and daughters,
 Where health, the sick, and aged quaff,
 From good King Bladud's healing waters ;
 While genius sketch'd, and humour group'd,
 Then it sicken'd, then it droop'd :
 Sadden'd with laughter, wasted with a sneer,
 And " the long minuet " shortened its career.
 With cadence slow, and solemn pace,
 Th' indignant mourner quits the place—
 For ever quits—no more to roam
 From proud Augusta's regal dome.
 Ah ! not unhappy who securely rest,
 Within the sacred precincts of a court ;
 Who, then, their timid steps shall dare arrest ?
 White wands shall guide them, and gold sticks support.
 In vain—these eyes with tears of horror wet,
 Read its death-warrant in the *Court Gazette* !
 " No ball to-night ! " Lord Chamberlain proclaims ;
 " No ball to-night shall grace thy roof, St. James ! "
 " No ball ! " the *Globe*, the *Sun*, the *Star* repeat,
 The morning paper and the evening sheet ;
 Thro' all the land the tragic news has spread,
 And all the land has mourned the Minuet dead.
 So power completes : but satire sketch'd the plan,
 And Cecil ends what Bunbury began.

Catherine M. Fanshawe.

CCCCXX.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT ? ah ! no ; the hour is ill
 Which severs those it should unite ;
 Let us remain together still,
 Then it will be *Good-night*.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight ?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
That it will be *Good-night*.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night *is* good ; because, my Love,
They never *say* Good-night.

Percy B. Shelley.

CCCCXXI.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT to thee, Lady ! tho' many
Have join'd in the dance of to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright ;
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good-night to thee, Lady ! 'tis over—
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song—
The whisper'd farewell of the lover,
The heartless adieu of the throng ;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eye-lid that long'd for repose—
The *beaux* that were dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of *beaux*.

'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away ;
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay ;
And Beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homeward she drives—
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor.

I'll keep it—if but to remind me,
 Though wither'd and faded its hue—
 Wherever next season may find me—
 Of England—of Almack's—and you !

There are tones that will haunt us, tho' lonely
 Our path be o'er mountain, or sea ;
 There are looks that will part from us only
 When memory ceases to be ;
 There are hopes which our burthen can lighten,
 Tho' toilsome and steep be the way ;
 And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
 With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, tho' nameless,
 For aye on the lip they may be ;
 There are hearts that, tho' fetter'd, are tameless,
 And thoughts unexpress'd, but still free !
 And some are too grave for a rover,
 And some for a husband too light,—
 The Ball and my dream are all over—
 Good-night to thee, Lady, Good-night !

Edward Fitzgerald.

CCCCXXII.

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT.

FAIR cousin mine ! the golden days
 Of old romance are over ;
 And minstrels now care nought for bays,
 Nor damsels for a lover ;
 And hearts are cold, and lips are mute
 That kindled once with passion,
 And now we've neither lance nor lute,
 And tilting's out of fashion.

Yet weeping Beauty mourns the time
 When Love found words in flowers ;
 When softest sighs were breathed in rhyme,
 And sweetest songs in bowers ;
 Now wedlock is a sober thing—
 No more of chains or forges !—
 A plain young man—a plain gold ring—
 The curate—and St. George's.

Then every cross-bow had a string,
And every heart a fetter ;
And making love was quite the thing,
And making verses better ;
And maiden-aunts were never seen,
And gallant *beaux* were plenty ;
And lasses married at sixteen,
And died at one-and-twenty.

Then hawking was a noble sport,
And chess a pretty science ;
And huntsmen learnt to blow a *morte*,
And heralds a defiance ;
And knights and spearmen show'd their might,
And timid hinds took warning ;
And hypocras was warm'd at night
And coursers in the morning.

Then plumes and pennons were prepared,
And patron-saints were lauded ;
And noble deeds were bravely dared,
And noble dames applauded ;
And Beauty play'd the leech's part,
And wounds were heal'd with syrup ;
And warriors sometimes lost a heart,
But never lost a stirrup.

Then there was no such thing as Fear,
And no such word as Reason ;
And Faith was like a pointed spear,
And Fickleness was treason ;
And hearts were soft, though blows were hard ;
But when the fight was over,
A brimming goblet cheer'd the board,
His Lady's smile the lover.

Ay, these were glorious days ! The moon
Had then her true adorers ;
And there were lyres and lutes in tune,
And no such thing as snorers ;
And lovers swam, and held at nought
Streams broader than the Mersey ;
And fifty thousand would have fought
For a smile from Lady Jersey.

Then people wore an iron vest,
 And had no use for tailors;
 And the artizans who lived the best
 Were armourers and nailers;
 And steel was measured by the ell,
 And trousers lined with leather;
 And jesters wore a cap and bell,
 And knights a cap and feather.

Then single folks might live at ease,
 And married ones might sever;
 Uncommon doctors had their fees,
 But Doctors Commons never;
 O! had we in those times been bred,
 Fair cousin, for thy glances,
 Instead of breaking Priscian's head,
 I had been breaking lances!

Edward Fitzgerald.

CCCCXXIII.

ON CATULLUS.

TELL me not what too well I know
 About the Bard of Sirmio—
 Yes, in Thalia's son
 Such stains there are—as when a Grace
 Sprinkles another's laughing face
 With nectar, and runs on.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCCXXIV.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow
 By a stream-side on the grass,
 And the trees are showering down
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow
 On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow :
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses—"I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds :
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath :
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind ;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face :
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,

Which shall seem to understand,
 Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
 For the world must love and fear him
 Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
 I shall feel my own lips tremble
 With a *yes* I must not say,
 Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
 I will utter, and dissemble—
 'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
 To the wide world past the river,
 There to put away all wrong;
 To make straight distorted wills,
 And to empty the broad quiver
 Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
 Swim the stream and climb the mountain,
 And kneel down beside my feet—
 'Lo, my master sends this gage,'
 Lady, for thy pity's counting!
 What wilt thou exchange for it?"

"And the first time, I will send
 A little rose-bud for a guerdon,
 And the second time, a glove;
 But the third time—I may bend
 From my pride, and answer—'Pardon,
 If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run,
 Then my lover will ride faster,
 Till he kneeleth at my knee:
 'I am a duke's eldest son,
 Thousand serfs do call me master,
 But, O Love, I love but *thee*!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
 Then, and lead me as a lover
 Through the crowds that praise his deeds:
 And, when soul-tied by one troth,
 Unto *him* I will discover
 That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donn'd the shoe,
And went homeward round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing thro' the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the white swan had deserted!
And a rat had gnaw'd the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

Elizabeth B. Browning.

CCCCXXV.

PROUD word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say
“This man loved *me!*” then rise and trip away.

Walter S. Landon.

CCCCXXVI.

How many voices gaily sing,
“O happy morn, O happy spring
Of life!” meanwhile there comes o'er me
A softer voice from memory,
And says, “If loves and hopes have flown
With years, think too what griefs are gone!”

Walter S. Landon.

CCCCXXVII.

THAT out of sight is out of mind
Is true of most we leave behind;
It is not sure, nor can be true,
My own, my only love, of you.

They were my friends,—'twas sad to part;
Almost a tear began to start;
But yet as things run on they find,
That out of sight is out of mind.

For men that will not idlers be,
Must lend their hearts to things they see;
And friends who leave them far behind,
When out of sight are out of mind.

I blame it not; I think that when
The cold and silent meet again,
Kind hearts will yet as erst be kind,
'Twas "out of sight" was "out of mind."

That friends, however friends they were,
Still deal with things as things occur,
And that, excepting for the blind,
What's out of sight is out of mind.

But Love, the poets say, is blind;
So out of sight and out of mind
Need not, nor will, I think, be true,
My own, and only love, of you.

Arthur H. Clough.

CCCCXXVIII.

CLEMENTINA AND LUCILLA.

IN Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not cull'd as sweet before—
Ah, yes, Lucilla ! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever ;
And Modesty, who when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

Walter S. Landor.

CCCCXXIX.

THE CASKET.

SURE, 'tis time to have resign'd
All the dainties of the mind,
And to take a little rest
After Life's too lengthen'd feast,
Why then turn the Casket-key ?
What is there within to see ?
Whose is this dark twisted hair ?
Whose this other, crisp and fair ?
Whose the slender ring ? now broken,
Undesignedly, a token,
Love said *mine* ; and Friendship said
So I fear, and shook her head.

Walter S. Landor

CCCCXXX.

WHY REPINE ?

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away ?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

Walter S. Landon.

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NOTES.

- NO.
- XIII. **ANOTHER stanza is sometimes added to this poem ; but it does not appear to be by the same hand.**
- XXV and XXVII. **Poems almost similar to these are to be found in Herrick's "Hesperides."**
- XLVI. **Suckling is remarkable for a careless natural grace. This is one of his best poems, and, as Leigh Hunt says, "his fancy is so full of gusto as to border on imagination." The bridegroom is said to have been Lord Broghill, and the bride Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. Three stanzas of this poem have been necessarily omitted.**
- LXXIX. **These lines have also been attributed to Sir Roger L'Estrange, an adherent of Charles I.**
- XC. **Cowper, the poet, says, "Every man conversant with verse-making knows, and knows by painful experience, that the familiar style is of all styles the most difficult to succeed in. To make verse speak the language of prose, without being prosaic, to marshal the words of it in such an order as they might naturally take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without meanness, harmoniously, elegantly, and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme, is one of the most arduous tasks a poet can undertake. He that could accomplish this task was Prior : many have imitated his excellence in this particular, but the best copies have fallen short of the original."**
- XCII. **Kitty was Lady Katherine Hyde, afterwards Duchess of Queensberry. Lady Jenny was Lady Jane Hyde, then Countess of Essex.**
- CIII. **Lady Mary W. Montagu wrote very smartly. Lord Lyttelton once sent her some highly didactic and sentimental lines, beginning, "The councils of a friend, Belinda, hear," of which Lady Mary made the following concise summary :—**

"Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet,
In short my deary, kiss me, and be quiet."

NO.

Her verses on Sir Robert Walpole are happy, but they inevitably recall the exquisite couplets of Pope :—

“Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchang’d for power;
Seen him, uncumber’d with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.”

- CVII. Perhaps this is the most humorous piece of verse in the English language, and yet it is essentially *vers de société*. One or two slight expressions have been softened down, both here and in other pieces, to suit the taste of the day. “Whittle” was the Earl of Berkeley’s valet; “Dame Wadger” was the deaf old housekeeper; “Lord Colway” means Galway; “Lord Dromedary” means Drogheda; “Cary” was clerk of the kitchen; “Mrs. Dukes” was a servant, and wife to one of the footmen. “The Chaplain” refers to Swift himself.
- CXIV. Dr. Percy erroneously supposed this to be a translation from the ancient British language.
- CXXXI. Miss Lepell, a lady of beauty and wit, was maid of honour to Queen Caroline. She afterwards married Lord Hervey.
- CXXXIX. This was occasioned by the author being asked—after he had finished the Little Castle at Strawberry Hill, and adorned it with the portraits and arms of his ancestors—if he did not design to entail it on his family.
- CXLII and CXLIII. A picture of Beau Nash (the celebrated Master of the Ceremonies at Bath) once hung between the busts of Newton and Pope in Wiltshire’s ball-room, and it was on that juxtaposition that Mrs. Brereton wrote her lines. (See the “Historic Guide to Bath.”)
- CXLIV. Lord Chesterfield also wrote some excellent lines, in conjunction with Lord Bath, on Miss Lepell, who married Lord Hervey in 1720; but, happily, taste and manners are so altered that it would be impossible to give them.
- CXLVI. Thomas Moore thought that these lines were the joint production of Tickell and Sheridan.
- CXLVIII. Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James’s Coffee-house, where one day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. He was challenged to retaliate, and these lines were the result. “Our Dean,” Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry; Edmund Burke; Mr. Wm. Burke, M.P. for Bedwin; Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Grenada; Cumberland, the dramatist; Dr. Douglas, Canon of Windsor; Counsellor John Ridge, an Irish barrister; Hickey, an eminent attorney; Townshend, M.P. for Whitchurch; Dr. Dodd, the popular preacher; Dr. Kenrick lectured at the Devil’s Tavern; Macpherson, of “Ossian” celebrity; Mr. Woodfall was printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.
- CLIII. Dr. Barnard had asserted, in Dr. Johnson’s presence, that men did not improve after the age of forty-five. “That is

NO.

not true, sir," said Johnson. "You, who perhaps are forty-eight, may still improve, if you will try; I wish you would set about it. And I am afraid," he added, "there is great room for it." Johnson afterwards greatly regretted his rudeness to the bishop, who took the insult in good part, wrote the following verses next day, and sent them to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

CKCVII.

Lord Boringdon, afterwards Earl of Morley, and Lord Granville, were old friends of Canning, and the "Lady Elizabeth" alluded to in this poem was one of the daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, and sister to Lord Henry Spencer. She married Mr. Spencer, the son of Lord Charles Spencer.

CC.

Lady Bath with a bad temper had much wit. Lord Bath said to her in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper." She replied, "Keep my temper! I don't like it so well; I wonder you should." "A great monarch" was George III. "The minister fell" refers to Walpole.

CCIII.

This is a parody (said to be the joint production of Canning and Frere) of Southey's Sapphics—entitled "The Widow."

CCIV.

Mr. Falck, the Dutch Minister in 1826, having made a proposition by which a considerable advantage would have accrued to Holland, this poetical despatch was actually sent by Canning to Sir Charles Bagot, the English Ambassador at the Hague, and soon afterwards an Order in Council was issued to put into effect the intention so announced.

CCV.

A parody on part of Mr. Whitbread's speech on the trial of Lord Melville, put into verse by Mr. Canning at the time it was delivered.

CCVI.

It is rather difficult to make a selection from Thomas Moore: nearly everything that he has written might be claimed as *vers de société*, whether it be epitaph, epigram, ballad, or sacred song. He could not help being witty and sparkling, and perhaps a little artificial. How charmingly he carols to his Bessy on Love, Death, and Eternity! Moore is the most brilliant of all our squib writers, as Swift is the most powerful.

CCVII.

This song was composed for the dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall, in celebration of Mr. Pitt's birthday (1802). Lord Spencer was chairman. Mr. Pitt was not present.

CCVIII.

These verses express, with much force and humour, the feelings of the British nation on military affairs after the close of the long struggle with France. Five-and-twenty years of almost incessant fighting had made people heartily weary of soldiers and soldiering. But at the present era of non-intervention the poem has a satirical application which Præd probably did not intend.

CCX.

Written in the midst of the Catholic Emancipation struggle.

CCXIII.

Adelphi Terrace was built by the brothers Adams.

- NO.
CCXXVII. "Thy great kinsman,"—the statue of Pitt.
- CCLXXIII. "Chancellor Van" refers to Mr. Nicholas Vansittart, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- CCLXXIV. Thomas Moore married Hamilton Reynolds' sister. Charles Kemble was especially admirable in the characters of Macduff, Cassio, Falconbridge, and Romeo.
- CCXCVIII. I believe Mrs. Greville was the wife of Fulke Greville, that her maiden name was Fanny McCartney, and that she was the mother of the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Crewe.
- CCCLVIII. These lines were addressed to Mr. Stanhope (Lord Chesterfield), to whom the author had given the reversion of the bullfinch when he left Dresden.
- CCCLXIII. This has been cut down to bring it within the scope of the collection. I think it has not suffered in consequence.
- CCCLXVIII. This is an admirable specimen of *vers de société*. Cowper is a master of playful irony.
- CCCLXXXIII. This riddle has been published as Lord Byron's; but there is no doubt about its authorship. The Rev. Mr. Harness, who edited Miss Fanshawe's "Literary Remains," says he remembers her reading it at the Deepdene in the summer of 1816, and the admiration with which it was received. Some excellent riddles have been attributed to the late Lord Macaulay; but I have good reason for knowing that he never wrote a riddle in his life.
- CCCLXXXII. "Creeches."
"Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
To take it in the very words of Creech."—A. Pope.
"Yonder Ruin" refers to Burnham Abbey.
- CCCLXXXVII. Thomas L. Peacock was the son of a London merchant, and held an appointment in the India House. He was an excellent classic, and wrote several very clever novels. There is a remarkable freshness about the best of his verses.
- CCXCIII. The flexibility and variety of Barham's rhythm is quite wonderful. Tom Moore, Praed, and Prior could not have produced a more graceful piece of drollery than these lines.
- CCCC. These verses are among the happiest of Praed's efforts, and if Messrs. Smith and Elder would have allowed me to do so, I should have placed them side by side with Thackeray's Bouillabaise. Many readers would prefer Bouillabaise; it is more natural; but Thackeray, less elegant than Praed, appeared unable to give that wonderful epigrammatic finish and point to his verses which Praed possessed. There is an extraordinary vivacity about such pieces of Praed's as "A Letter of Advice" and "The Belle of the Dell," and for this reason he will always occupy a higher position as a writer of *vers de société* than Thackeray.
- CCCVI. This is sometimes attributed to Pope.

- NO.
CCCCIX. I believe there is little doubt but that this was written by Mr. Canning, assisted by Mr. Frere.
- CCCCXIX. "But never shall be sung." "Go to the devil and shake yourself," the name of a favourite country dance. "The long minuet" was a celebrated caricature by Bunbury. Cecil refers to Lord Salisbury, then the Lord Chamberlain.
- CCCCXXI. Mr. Fitzgerald's defect is, that he is a mere copyist of Praed, and he exaggerated Praed's defects: however, there are some noteworthy stanzas by him scattered through the magazines. It is said that Praed assisted Fitzgerald in his compositions. It is certain that those he published after Praed's death are inferior to his earlier efforts.

THE END.



